

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW



grief / war / poetics  
issue



upcoming

30th anniversary issue

Phyllis Webb  
George Stanley  
Robert Sherrin/Esta Spalding  
Diana Hartog  
& more

Rising like a question mark,  
a plume of smoke says no.

— Alexandra Chasin



|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Editor            | Sharon Thesen      |
| Managing Editor   | Carol L. Hamshaw   |
| Assistant Editors | Bill Schermbrucker |
|                   | Katrina Sedaros    |
|                   | Beth Garrison      |

*The Capilano Review* is published by The Capilano Press Society. Subscription rates for one year are \$25 (\$30 for institutions), \$45 for two years. All prices include GST. Address correspondence to *The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, British Columbia V7J 3H5. Subscribe online at [www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR) or through the CMPA at [magOmania](http://magOmania.com), [www.magomania.com](http://www.magomania.com).

*The Capilano Review* does not accept simultaneous submissions or previously published work. U.S. submissions should be sent with Canadian postage stamps or international reply coupons, not U.S. postage stamps. *The Capilano Review* does not take responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Copyright remains the property of the author or artist. No portion of this publication may be reproduced without the permission of the author or artist.

*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of Capilano College, the Canada Council for the Arts and its Friends and Benefactors.

*The Capilano Review* is a member of the Canadian Magazine Publishers Association and the BC Association of Magazine Publishers. *TCR* is listed with the Canadian Periodical Index, available on-line through Info Globe, and with the American Humanities Index. Microfilm editions and reprints are available from Bell & Howell Information and Learning, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Printed in Vancouver, BC by Benwell-Atkins Printers Ltd.  
Publications Mail Registration Number 151335

ISSN 0315-3754  
(Published March 2002)



|                                    |  |                                  |
|------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| The Canada Council<br>for the Arts |  | Le Conseil des Arts<br>du Canada |
|------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

Series 2, No. 36

Winter 2002

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                   |    |                         |
|-----------------------------------|----|-------------------------|
| <i>3 for WTC</i>                  | 5  | ivan arguelles          |
| <i>Four Poems</i>                 | 13 | bill bissett            |
| <i>White Death This Exit</i>      | 18 | Daniel Bouchard         |
| <i>Two Poems</i>                  | 26 | Michael Broder          |
| <i>Hairpin</i>                    | 28 | Lewis Buzbee            |
| <i>Towards a Grammar of Guilt</i> | 39 | Alexandra Chasin        |
| <i>from Arrival</i>               | 51 | Sarah Anne Cox          |
| <i>Bad Free Speech Day</i>        | 57 | John Dixon              |
| <i>Beach Assemblage, 2001</i>     | 63 | Carol Itter and Al Neil |
| <i>Circles</i>                    | 70 | Brett Enemark           |
| <i>In the Empire of Grief</i>     | 75 | Adeena Karasick         |
| <i>Three Poems</i>                | 79 | George Murray           |

|                               |     |               |
|-------------------------------|-----|---------------|
| <i>Terra-ism</i>              | 88  | Renee Rodin   |
| from <i>Seventh Column</i>    | 100 | Brian Sentes  |
| from <i>Negative Diaspora</i> | 104 | Alan Sondheim |
| <i>September Scenes</i>       | 107 | Chris Taylor  |

Detail from BEACH  
ASSEMBLAGE, 2001, #21

FRONT COVER  
Carole Itter and Al Neil

ivan arguelles / 3 FOR WTC

“the end is come” hasn’t you ?  
or if it hasn’t then where are you ?  
seeming to believe it ‘s all a “dream”  
sink hole eternities in a collapsed  
minute of dust ten inches thick  
frame works to re wind the whole  
the how many unbelievably “dead”  
in un counted monuments of silence  
and blank before it “blows”  
wafts of indelible nostalgia in  
blood and pink with horrendous  
screens bipartite for social  
secluded from reality the sleeper  
on his arm curving into a bay  
of illicit black waters unfold  
s the “red” before it turns  
flesh bits and some diving head first  
rather than burn at a xerox  
degrees fahrenheit sequestered  
illusions of all that happened before  
now becomes apex and apogee  
in clouds of ash and whitened  
liturgies in panasonic vistas  
where lawns used to sway in an  
america dead from the waist up and  
still wandering in cigarette magma  
toll of thousands beckons with left  
aura a similitude of grain and  
porphyry flicker astonishes in a  
rather like the substance in a coma  
which executes before it indicts

and so all fall down in rain of paper  
hurdles and miles fixed in a  
single cornea of blackening extreme  
on the cathedral steps hush over  
mouth in display of horror show  
as sky becomes a crash within it self  
deafening the azure into a steep  
trance unlike the other time (s)  
when with a switch of the throb  
an ovation breaks like sweat  
huddled in a concrete diapason  
that is sent rocket like into  
energetic space not meant for human  
consumption but later the steps  
carved out of mutilated air  
and echoes in a tap of small water  
forgets to whisper its intent  
as quanta of minute flame leap  
licking the intense and inane  
margins of civilization's discontent  
according to the law of karma  
all of this  
(silence)



steaks out a pattern opposed  
dis registers numb files  
outer limits surpassed  
by map's impossible origins  
as red encounters blank  
in superficial fright wig  
amassing symbols of despair  
in a small rectangular "thing"  
easy enough to swallow but  
utterly indisposible  
we each that is wander according  
to the permutations of discord and  
ire swings its heavy shift into  
the gods are totally blind  
as on no other day this petty  
no more a conflagration than  
an end to all conflagrations  
enter by this small lower gate  
into hell and discard opprobrium'  
s lie white flecked and "evil"  
attach to the scrotum the hundred pound  
unit and fling the "corpse" into  
its ashen ultimatum a figure  
eight resolves its own horror  
in a reminiscent of the circular

conditions of the psychiatric ward  
and nail down the coffin's wing  
can no longer fly to the sun  
no longer bail out water like  
used to on the moon with a crimson  
berlitz "book" and code name  
something like "morpheus" ? -dice  
cast into the glottal well  
speech is only plausible  
after death takes "over"  
the remaining quadrants to be filled  
in by a pus like substance  
"ichor" ? left indra at the wheel  
collapsed over surrogate orgasm  
on automatic pilot and swerve  
into hydromechanical sky  
with immense     a question  
as to the shape it will resolve  
rope burn and magma of human  
detritus the epochs of history  
numbered backwards from alph to  
zed in the upper left dit dot  
a burgeoning suicide note  
the size of tartary in hazy  
ink hemistich with double margins  
to the right to allow for free fall

plunging with massive elephants  
into the proverbial thimble of water  
applause leftover from canned heat  
and Mom wired to her tarot deck  
attempts that hapax smile  
everyone undresses so quickly  
none there who nor others that  
have any skin left to tell  
“to wake without confusion  
and with compassion  
\for “all” living things\

so it has wended and bereft of  
times the rain couldn't tell  
nor in the isolation ward  
with a hundred to go and still  
"counting" whispers lash and weeping  
long side the once running waters  
of , hush of stygian "fix" ,  
shot in curved arm of a delta  
phones to tell on board and can't  
the reason "why" in a landing  
near arcadian suburb whither  
the backward gait of many a  
false apostle at the lever  
geared up for an infinity of black  
the boxes begin to cry on their own  
though the whenever is a distinct  
they are now describing "retaliation"  
in terms of JIHAD in offices  
sometimes known as Prayer Wheel  
turning through a maelstrom of ignited  
air into chasms of former finance  
the indelible print on the back  
of the skin (a song) denies any  
whatsoever knowledge has to do with "it"  
and and and unwholesome reiterations  
come back to the radio play about  
fragments kept falling from who  
never mind outer space what about the  
mind set which is holy and reads

any other interpretation as some  
kind of blasphemy a total dis orient  
will it matter ? stumbling on  
discredited evidence history shatter  
s its own mirror in a paroxysm  
of ineffable "terror" (made me  
do it) junk mail correspondence  
between Baal and Zeus using  
only genitive and dative case forms  
a morphosyntactic redux of the  
unutterable as it takes its own  
glass reshapes it and plunges  
a flame through its eye and stutters  
incorruptible vowel formations  
far off into the eternity of night  
each hour a passing bell dies  
a second hand registers zero effect  
while somewhere far off in Sri Lanka  
the gold robe of its own accord  
bursts into a sublime conflagration  
buddha on the steps reduced to a mire  
of dust and whorls of choking  
an effigy probably of the dying  
tumult of the stock market's echo  
usually translated in a japanese meter  
for those who can no longer hear "well"  
what it is the ancestors are trying  
or like the time we were driving "home"  
and an angel fell in front of the car  
what were we supposed to think ? other  
than to project an infernal "dream"



about the life around us ? // spasms  
// links // it was already “dead”  
when the rescue team arrived with  
their anvils and blow torch singing  
a chorus from Handel’s Julius Caesar  
no, could not have known “that”  
was the apocalypse with its tinny  
shatters pieces of the original into  
a trillion bits you can still sense  
the awful part is where no one knows  
why , names of streets burned to a  
on their knees the skeletons still  
looking for a denture or a wristlet  
if this is like hell then // eyes  
peer into the oblong shaft  
to return from there nothing  
“Wachet auf!”

## bill bissett / FOUR POEMS

moon droppings arriving

ar falling from th sky  
softlee on2 our heds  
melting ther soaking  
in2 our brains down  
in2 our souls groins

innr tastes uv bliss  
kontinual endorphin re  
leeses no dry spells  
inside th neurolojee en  
couraging binaree konstrukts  
abstrakt nouns in opposishyun  
xklusyuns our flawd specees

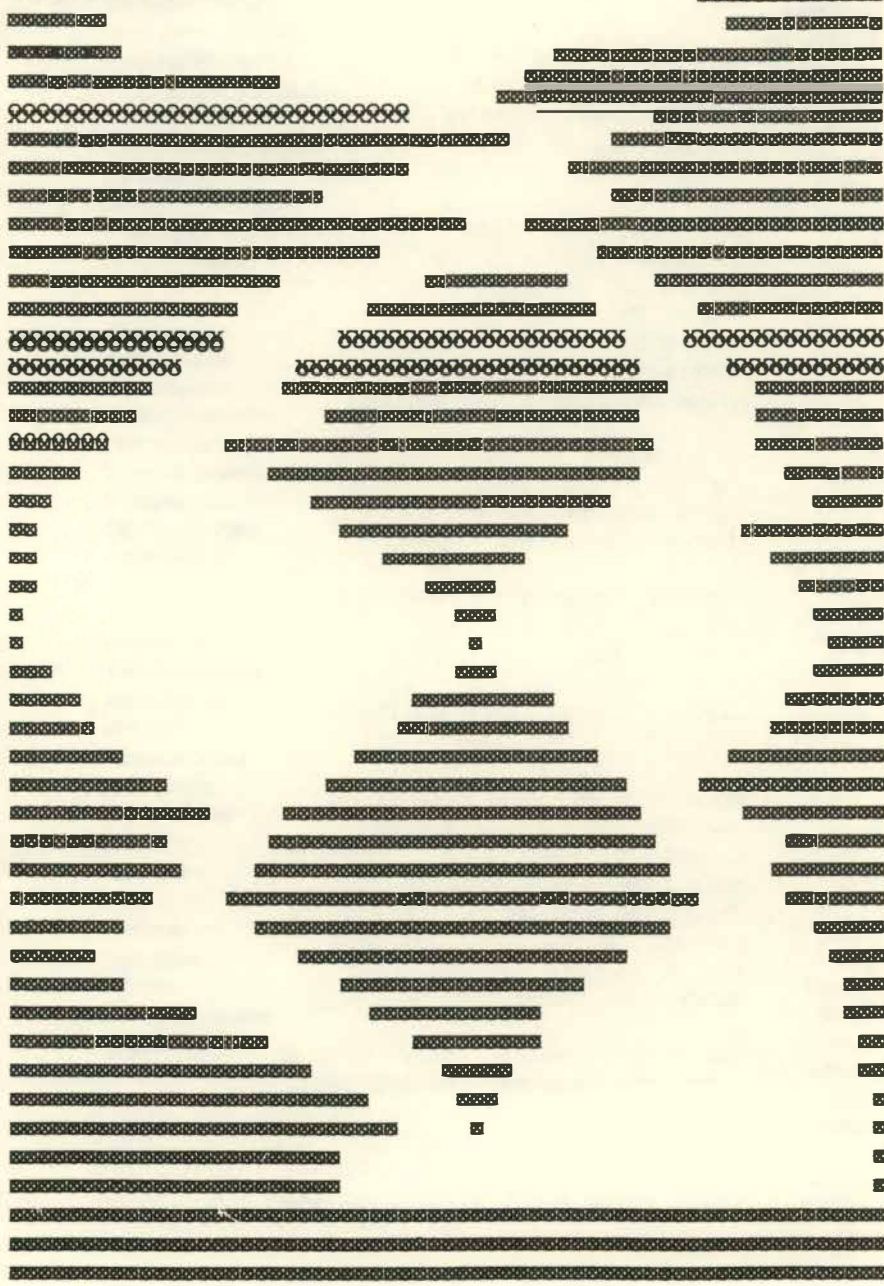
as th moon droppings melt in2  
our tongues n labial genital  
larva memoree storage nameing  
places we cannot loves

aneemor remembr th reeasons 4  
warring thos fall from us  
whos got mor whos god is sew  
bett'r superior whos life  
style mor free whos entitul'd  
2 loving food freedom rites  
aesthetiks

whos with us whos against us  
our reeasons 4 retaliaysyun  
cruelteez spreding 2 wrongs dont  
make anee rite aftr th moon  
droppings melt in our brains we  
all want evree wun 2 dew well no  
wun in despair or need our  
specees is changing free will

all we can remembr know with th  
moon droppings melting in2 our  
minds n being is we ar all such  
loving kreetshurs killing uv anee  
kind xsept in xtreem self defens  
onlee leeds 2 mor killing damage

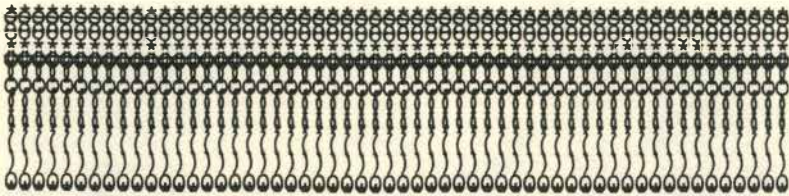
moon droppings enrapturing our  
beings in loving multiplisiteez we  
cannot remembr how 2 hurt attack we  
cannot recall how 2 kill anee uv us  
we ar all knowing th onlee way 2  
stop th killing is 2 stop  
killing n embrace th mirakul



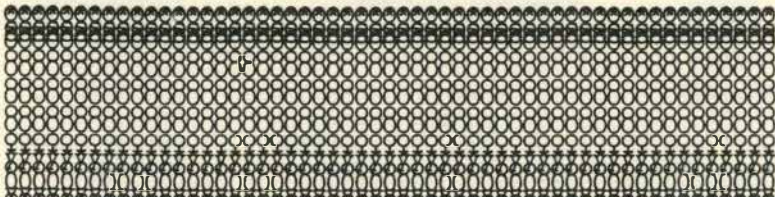


th footnotes led him 2 beleev that th rest uv th

score must b fosilizd deep within th cave living in  
uncertintee letting go uv powr ovr needs



deep within th caves th xklusyuns uv emphathee led 2  
th downfall uv our specees its devastaysyun its  
inabilitee 2 undrstand th beauteez we ar all living in  
2 help each othr byond th parametrs uv our usual list



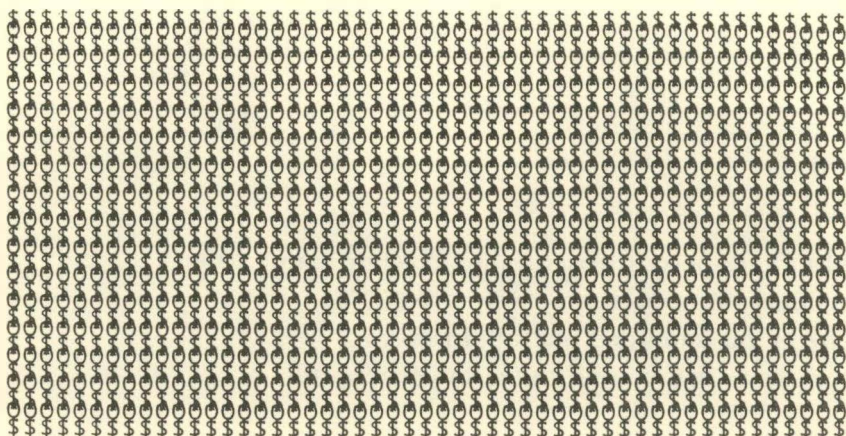
what dew yu meen th xklusyuns uv empathzee well all  
our klimate kollektivs or dna origins theokraseez or  
us n them stuff we can feel a lot 4 us not much 4 th  
them letting that binaree separaysyun dissolv n th  
kreekee beleef in wun way th richness uv th multiplisi  
teez or evn if th destruksyun is say adding accident 2  
lullifikaysyun or furee if we dont treet othrs well  
sumwun is gonna fuk us up espeshulee if th us is innosent  
n abt accident what if in th plainest way 2 say it possibul  
nowun reelee knows thats th mor evn mor skaree part uv it  
what can help if in th writings known as sacrid ther ar  
klews cud we follo them lern from them b guidid by them  
or ar we as remarkabul as we can b ar sew seriouslee  
flawd our konstrukts sew nostalgik out uv date as  
no longr needid by th food hunt 2 by 2s reelee a hard  
ware term look heer closr undr ths ovrhanging rock  
look at ths what duz that say how we can get past our  
dna s uv kours not xpekting 2 mirror match ourselvs why  
wud that guarantee a hunts success a gud crop a fine faktoree  
workrs rites egalitarian valus why wud yu need 2 live she  
sd with sumwun game as yrself or ar th catastropheez weird why  
not i sd tragik accidents sumwuns asleep at th wheel radar skreen  
equal wages 4 work uv equal valu job paritee 4 all reelee  
meening 4 all yet no arbitraree limits th tragik catastropheez  
as much domino accidenta as inevitabul results th talk at th dinnr  
taybul how dew we save ourselvs not judging letting go uv our  
rite left kontrolling urges our klass strukshures our rules  
our kontrolling our insistens that sew manee starve cant we  
see oedipus medea goddesses gods our counteez r



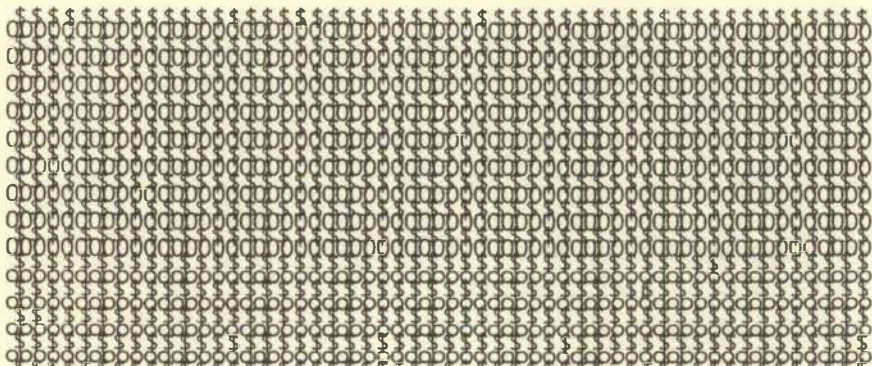




or is it th wepons sales by evree countree 2 evree  
evree countree n th continualee shifting alliansees  
that have made th world sew unsafe sew squirrellee



now we can sell yu all thees wepons uv kours but yu  
need 2 promise 2 follo our leeds in almost evree  
thing n 2 not use ths wepons theyr onlee 4 yr protek  
syun n 4 paying us n 4 downgrading individual human life



like a lot uv organizd religyun war famine poverttee hate is  
nevr as interesting as love love is mor beautiful mor giving  
mor uplifting mor intrikate mor generous refined gross  
nevr goes thru bounds genre fixes goez thru walls doors  
makes opnings that carree ~~WAR~~-love creating mor love

## Daniel Bouchard / WHITE DEATH THIS EXIT

1.

Silver light posts arc over the road, white glare  
beside a swift congruous river of red lights.  
The moon is muffled but full. In storm,  
or close to it, everyone going somewhere still.

Northbound highway is promotion and egress:  
tree lines, hip roofs, glow of holiday lights  
strung on houses, strung upon shrubs, candles  
burn or electric candles "on" behind windows,

votives and voices, dashboard speakers.  
Rational voices from national radio.  
A view of office towers, advertising, the  
roads that lead to steel and glass plazas.

A close storm, around Xmas, everything  
will close when it strikes. Seventy  
per cent of tomahawk tip oxidized  
and aerated. A sort of exit. A wooden

shaft 2 1/2 feet long, stone tip  
sharpened at one end. Air raided.  
Sortie. Mufflers wrapped of an evening.  
Poison belch into "crisp" air.

Two planes of chimney meet: west side  
snow-covered the north side only wet.  
To blow tomahawks: to kill or cut.  
He "sunk his hatchet into his brains"

tho the victim was his kin. A terrible night  
the sky and the noise seeming like the cries,  
the glare of flintlock by firelight. Trigger.  
As thunder. Surgically bombed.

Latin, from stem of *mittere*, to send.  
*Patriot*, from Andover: "war means jobs."  
Snowfall covers the jagged, busted glass.  
Savage, cling, clung or stick

lintel amid brick piling  
obsequious in lit corners, rub  
panes scratched with a wet branch,  
frozen-bristled, rigid in wind.

The natives nationalized livestock and corn.  
Clams free for the raking. Slush streets a sleek  
frozen surface, a sluice on Sunday, next day  
the papers repeat: *tougher on Iraq*, tiny

frozen drift, spittle, white ragged drop, like ash.  
Vaporization and dust. A black star shot  
and smeared, the man's ground body,  
only the head remained, eyes shut looking up.

Endicott in Connecticut  
waged a brilliant terror campaign  
destroying crops of Pequots.  
Bush's band of grim men.

2.

Light refractory highway  
moon muffled by cloud gap  
hurtle its mist, blackness  
of valley held under the surface,

blue twilight obscured  
against the shade of those hills.  
Thru it a seamless snaking of road,  
brilliantly lit, surging or greased

in docility, treatment, a capable  
reckoning violence, its sandstone  
canvas uniform, photographs in wallet.  
What makes a land promised?

Predestined spasms of nation  
in their rhetoric, in their ears;  
indelible units of folk  
pre-packaged creed and wrap,

meta-tyranny, weaponry steep  
flails with purpose against non-peoples,  
strategizes consent, shoveled deep,  
crumbling piles; resembles to a child

a reasonable iceberg to place  
some plastic figurines  
of classical cowboys and Indians;  
contemporary Arabs and Marines.

A leader elected, steeped in oil, its politics,  
education, a polity, wanting severe, civility,  
*the education president*, schooled at Yale,  
he said of King Philip "we cannot

reward an aggressor" and gathered allies,  
potential allies, Xtian converts at Natick,  
praying Arabs. This is Increase Mather  
speaking: "it will not stand."

Able to kill several hundred Pequots  
with only a handful of losses to  
themselves. "With one blow of his  
hatchet dispatched him."



3.

Victory: highly respirable;  
dermal, oral, pulmonary portal.  
In wounds, burns, retained in lungs,  
ingested, absorbed in blood.

No one ever calls the president "asshole"  
on television, on radio, in newspapers;  
nor murderer, expeditor, pieface,  
nor bootlick, saver-of-face, executor

of that which is opportune; in terms  
of scandal or flattery, enjoining the nation,  
rejoining it "to heal." Why don't they  
say what it is like to be bombed

by the United States for ten years?  
Let it be said with the persistence  
of a semen-stained dress. Ten years  
without potable water, an infrastructure

destroyed, its reconstruction blocked  
until you rise to kill

your own brutal dictator?

If you agree to murder

your own cruel ruler,

why stop there? And not quash

the pre-fab "democracy" in packing crates  
awaiting installation? Jet engine scream  
on tarmac. Stuck in nimbus of brick,  
blew in the fired walls: today,

a view from the bridge, palisades  
collapsing as they flee from the fort.  
Savage, merciless, tomahawk.  
This is Peter Arnett, bleeding from the head,

in the Great Cedar Swamp of Rhode Island.  
The musket balls will burn for a billion years.  
Just a whiff of tobacco before it ends  
and they sunk a hatchet into his brains.

Shot face down in wetlands, sold  
overseas, with crumpled bill of sale  
in hand: sarin, soman, anthrax. Waving  
flag and gun for god and justice.

4.

Gone the white fat flakes that fell  
scraped apogee in afternoon's saturate  
gray; fine and few the snowfall now,  
the airlines failed to cease. Light

increase, surge and falter, flicker,  
a filter to pitch. Winter evening of  
New Hampshire. On ground the grain  
in the water the bits and from the sky,

primitive in ideology, flint for flaking  
fire, the flack, residual facts  
esophagus tissue lined with sand.  
Watch now. Something stirs.

Satellites reel graceful ellipsis.  
Baby incubators Wampanoags  
unplugged you can see them  
from the frontier of your yard

or fence the world is so small,  
able to launch or lob like a hand toy  
a parcel bearing a rupturous gift.  
Scorched ruins to witness from your frontier.

A swamp that is long, wide not so deep  
a horde cannot traverse it carrying  
trappings on their backs beside giant trees  
that have died here, remain, bare boughs

hold a heaviness of osprey nests in thick clusters.  
Just as Mistress Rowlandson is about to quit  
for fatigue Metacomet slips up and  
offers his hand. She does not refuse.

So the Wampanoags learned death, a private property.  
Ferocity in warfare—in kind—outwash Pleistocene till  
crumbling since the “Indian Wars” behind a Mobil.  
Non-fissionable nuclear attacks clear disasters for centuries.

Walk patches half melt. For civilians,  
veterans: four and a half-billion-  
year half-life. Promised peace for surrender  
but sold as slaves out of country.

Marketing appeal, everyone calls upon God.  
Vietnam Syndrome negated, Gulf War  
Syndrome created. One symptom of one  
syndrome is conscience; the other syndrome

attacks the nervous system. Clouds troop  
over office towers. Leaves fallen forcefully  
in storm. It must be quite a storm. Sinister  
light in blue bursts. A powerful thrust.

## Michael Broder / TWO POEMS

### UNSPEAKABLE 1

I see ugliness making a comeback  
in the unwashed heads, unrazored cheeks  
of people on subway cars or aimlessly  
wandering streets still acrid with the dust  
of a whole burnt offering offered up  
in the squint of an unbelieving eye,  
not to propitiate but terrify,  
not a god but a nation deemed corrupt.  
Impeccable the purity of lust  
with which they dove into eternity,  
the pleasure they must have felt for weeks  
knowing that Allah would soon take them back.  
Just beyond a steel and glass curtain  
lay heaven and salvation certain.



## UNSPEAKABLE 2

Come, let us go to where an altar burns,  
where sacrifice of oil and flesh was made.  
Wearing sacramental robes and hoods,  
let us pray as we have always prayed.  
Let us mark a rite as yet unmarked  
on any calendar as sacred time  
this day on which five thousand souls embarked  
choking on the dust of acrid crime.  
*What? I thought you knew — how to heap the mound,*  
to lend the proper savor to the smoke,  
the rituals to consecrate the ground,  
which gods delight in wine and which in jokes.  
If neither you nor I these rites can lead,  
how will the living ever rest their dead?

## Lewis Buzbee / HAIRPIN

In that long still moment after the crash, I knew that Halley was already dead and that Ella wasn't, and I was filled with rage that Halley would leave us. Ella was unconscious but breathing. It would turn out that Halley wasn't officially dead yet, she would survive three days of intensive care in a Greek hospital where the staff's English was so perfect they could describe every detail of her condition to me. Waiting for help to arrive on that hairpin curve, I knew Halley was gone, that the envelope of time that was my wife had already been sealed. I did not speak any words aloud in our overturned rental, the silence there was too immense. Instead I seethed, cursing Halley for leaving us alone, for allowing me to be the driver and the one who'd killed her and almost killed Ella, for those long years of empty afternoons Ella and I would have to face together. I hated Halley then and don't know that I'll ever forgive myself.

What little I remember of the crash and the moments before it doesn't really matter. Banking into the hairpin turn, downshifted and whirring, there was suddenly another car in our path, a blue car coming right at us and the knowledge that the crash was going to be bad. I've been told we flipped at least once. We bellied up against the stone guardrail. The Aegean, the bright hole of the sun, the blue car flipped over the guardrail and tumbled into the sea, the driver dead. The doctors and police tried to tell me about the driver, he was old, but I didn't hear much.

Ella and I both had broken legs, simple fractures, and Ella had a deep gash below her shoulder blade, and for days we were both bruised and shocky from the impact. We shared a room and that was good, she's only nine. Ella woke me up in that room a few hours after our arrival, whispering dad, dad, daddy. I crawled back to the world, remembered the crash, turned to Ella and whispered it's okay, chuckie, it's all going to be okay, your mom's fine, we're here.

She turned from me, smiled at the ceiling, and fell into an improbable sleep. The bruise on the side of her face glowed against the mint green of her blankets, and I stared at her for as long as I could that morning, trying to remember the colors in that room as if it were crucial that I did. I thought I should call someone, probably Halley's sister, but fell asleep.

Our doctor was a big man with hairy hands and knuckles. He came in twice a day, winked somberly at me when he crossed the room to Ella's bed, then he'd sit with her for several minutes, talking to her with his back to me. He'd inevitably pat her arm. The only phrase I ever decoded from their conversations was during his first visit. Ella had risen on her elbows and was staring at him. Superbly, he'd said, absolutely superbly.

When he was done talking with Ella, he'd come to my bedside and give me a stern look before he spoke. Well, he'd say, we better get you down there so you can cheer up that lovely wife of yours. Verbatim, every single time. Two orderlies would wheel me down the hall, the doctor walking alongside and looking directly ahead, telling me about Halley's prospects, serious but possible, going over details of friends and relatives they'd contacted. At the end of each trip, he'd say be strong now for Ella, then he'd look at me once and go off on his rounds.

I thought I should talk to Halley during these visits, but found we no longer needed words. It wasn't that I knew she was already dead that kept me from speaking, rather the sense that our lives had become too concrete for words. She was a ghastly version of herself, to be sure, blue, nearly transparent, still she was Halley. After these visits, I would be transported back to the room where Ella was waiting, and the orderlies would push my bed close to Ella's and I would tell her that her mom was going to be fine and so were we. When she asked me why her mother was in another room I told her there were complications and that seemed good enough. The orderlies would separate our beds and Ella and I knew it was time for sleeping.

Halley died near one in the afternoon, quietly they told me. It seemed an odd hour of the day for a quiet death, so many buses and cars outside. I knew something violent must have moved through

her. I saw Halley's body one last time, then the orderlies took me to Ella and left us alone. I told her your mother's dead, Ella, she died peacefully. I know, she said, I know, I know, it's going to be okay. She was smiling. She stared at me, her hand on mine, then after a moment, she turned from me to the green wall, twisting her shattered leg, and finally cried. I put my hand around her as far as I could reach. I tried to explain to her why I had lied about her mother's condition, and she told me she knew, she understood everything.

We spent the next two weeks in that same room in the hospital, tended by Halley's sister. We've been back home for three weeks now and most of the hoopla is over and things are quieting down. Halley is not buried but scattered from an urn at Ocean Beach, quite illegally Ella and I would like to believe. The friends and relatives have been through and are getting back to their lives. The casseroles are nearly gone, the counters piled with clean Tupperware that will have to get returned. Ella and I are glad to be alone, we're exhausted from the sympathy.

It was the end of August when we flew back from Greece, a season of wet day-fog in San Francisco. Our flat was warm and dark and it was hard for us to get out. At first we both walked with sleek polished steel canes, and we were told to take it easy, we were still brittle after all. Between pods of visitors, we made ourselves take short walks, once around the block, forays into the park, out in the cold long enough to need to go back inside, but yesterday Indian summer came, warm and too bright, and we know we have to get out more, see what comes next.

\* \* \*

I keep expecting to see Halley on the street, not her exactly but someone who looks exactly like her. I've been preparing for this moment since we left Greece. San Francisco is full of women who look like Halley, at least from a distance. Hiply dressed, thin to the point of wiry, hard to pin down the age, twenties to forties. Halley was thirty-seven, dark glasses, mop of curly hair pulled tight in a bun. You might never guess she was a mom. I look for these women

now and keep looking, hoping to be shocked or hopeful or bereft. Turns out no one looks like her any longer.

I'll tell you the trouble with the dead, my friend Kenny said one evening last week. Ella had a ton of homework or so she said but was really, I suspect, leaving me alone with Kenny because she thought I needed it. She impressed us both with the knowledge that fourth grade homework was heartbreakingly difficult, a bear she called it, and literally skipped down the hall to her room while Kenny and I settled into the quiet of the evening, sipping bourbon as was our habit when we were together. Kenny is a poet, a very good one, which you might imagine without knowing if you spent an evening with him. He sits quietly, watches and listens, sips his drink, he always has a drink, then he speaks in a near stutter, his words colliding. The halting breathiness of his voice makes me want to weep the way Charlie Parker makes Kenny want to weep. I usually do most of the talking, some blather or other, but not this night, I had spoken too many words since bringing Ella home.

The trouble with the dead, Sam, he said, they aren't dead, the dead just won't die.

No, Kenny, I told him after two sips of his bourbon, the trouble with the dead is that they are dead, forever, gone, no mäs.

What could he say? I held the trump: my grief.

We spent the evening talking about Halley's clothes. She was a fashion designer, loved clothes, but she never took that world too seriously. I've always suspected Kenny had some sort of crush on Halley, a feeling I've found deepened since his divorce a few years back. Listening to Kenny talk about Halley's style, especially the amount of detail he maintained around a pink and black fur coat that passed through her life for about six months and the way he described that coat with his hands, I knew for sure he had been in love with her. Loved her, does. A good thing.

Much later that same evening, Ella came out of her room and begged Kenny to put her to bed. I was asleep on my own bed before they had finished their storybooks. I was ashamed of what I'd said to Kenny that night, how I'd flatly denied a central vein in his poetry, and how it was impossible for him to argue his truth. I fell asleep because I couldn't bear to face him, but I had to tell him what I



absolutely knew. The dead are gone. Even in a town where she was so common, I was unable to find Halley. No ghosts, no specters, no shades. Simply removed, absent.

\* \* \*

Ella sleeps a lot. The minute she gets home from school she naps through the bright afternoon and into the long river of evening. She sleeps on the red couch in the front room with the traffic outside and seems as small as a toddler she sleeps so well. I have to wake her up for dinner, some dish I've heated. While she sleeps I work in the spare room that is my office. I work at home, architecture, these days a pretty light in-box, and each I day hurry through some project certain that this afternoon I'm going to take my daughter out into the sun but she's so tired. Around four or so I get up from the desk and go into the kitchen and do the dishes, then sit at the island to do the crossword and drink a glass of wine, only once in a while going into the living room to watch Ella sleep. I have to say she looks great these days, even sleeping, healthy and rested and flush, and her hair is shiny. She sleeps burrowed in the crease between the seat and the cushion, in sweatpants that were her mother's and that she only wears for these naps. To watch her breathe while she sleeps makes me feel that she is safe and doing the best she can for herself.

We eat dinner and talk, mostly about her mom. We talk all the time about it, no, about her, about Halley, and we're always interrupting each other with, remember the time. We talk a lot about Halley when I pick up Ella at school and we walk home together, the light of these afternoons perfectly burnished and stretched for such talks. Remember the time, we start.

Sometimes Ella tells me that she doesn't want to talk about it, just had a bit too much, she says, can we get back to that later, and on the weekends we'll watch a movie or we'll read together, the windows opened and the offshore breeze pushing in, the one season we get these warm winds, and we won't talk about her mother at all, and it's a relief for both of us, we know. Ella's right, there's only so much, but still I think we're doing pretty well, and we even talk



about that. They, however, tell me she's not doing well in school, and I don't know what to say to that.

Kate Shamblin calls, she's not even Ella's teacher, a concerned parent, mother of Pablo, a boy Ella has invited to her parties. We've known them the way one knows people in this town, everybody only three or four years in, few real connections yet, passing through. Halley and me, we're old timers, ten years. Ella, lucky girl, was born here. Appears Kate and Mrs. Jouthas, Ella's teacher, have been talking and they both agree that Ella is much too quiet. They mean well.

Sam, Kate says on the phone, sounding as if she's about to make the apology of the century. Sam, I know it must be hard and to be honest with you I'd rather not butt in but Ella's being so quiet these days, don't you think. It's not good for Ella, Kate and Mrs. Jouthas and a few interested others have suggested, for Ella to be that quiet. She should be talking it out, processing, progressing up the steps of grief. When they ask Ella how she's feeling about her mother, Ella shrugs and says she doesn't know then says she guesses she's sad. When they ask Ella if she misses her mother she says yes of course and gets, well, a little snippy. Almost everyone believes that Ella's holding in too much, maybe she needs some help. Kate was wondering if the four of us couldn't get together, her me Ella and Pablo, maybe take a walk. Maybe Ella would open up to her.

Ella doesn't like to walk, she likes to do things and she's furious with me for agreeing. She can smell a rat a million miles off and knows she's being set up, sniffs pity in the air. We make a deal and she relents, apparently I'm going to buy her something. I don't know why I've agreed to this walk in the first place, I have a very short leash these days, and being out of doors for more than an hour makes me a bit crazy. I said yes to forestall any further butting in. Ella and I wait for the weekend with a slightly pleasurable sense of dread. Saturday morning the heat is already fierce when Kate and Pablo show up at our door and pry us outside.

Kate is an attractive woman, but she has odd gold streaks in her hair, and she dresses, Halley always said so, as if she were still trying to please her father. A thought half crosses my mind that Kate is

here for me rather than Ella, but this is such an unseemly thought it goes nowhere. On our stoop Kate gives Ella a hug that's much too big and long. Pablo is standing on the sidewalk, his face bored beyond repair, his feet endlessly at work. He's a sweet kid and he's as gracious as he can be greeting Ella and trying to strike up something of a conversation. They talk about school and race out in front of us. A short skinny kid, he has to look up at Ella when they're talking as if she had all the answers he'd ever need. We shoot into the park toward the playground.

She's adorable, Kate whispers to me, it's so sad for her. Yes, Kate, it is, so sad. Which is the only and most obvious answer and I'm bored with speaking it, and even Kate can tell I'm bored with it when I try to fake it, but she smiles anyway and we go on talking, only I'm wondering rather perversely if this woman would be as concerned as she seems if Ella weren't as adorable as she is.

Kate speaks at some length in earnest tones of Ella and her silence, and I agree that it's troubling but I want them all to know that we do talk, she does, and we're taking it as best we can. Remember, I tell her, we were in the accident, too, our bodies in the same car, a certain recuperating from physical damage alone. By this time we've reached the carousel park, and Kate and I are sitting on a bench under a great Modesto ash, while Ella and Pablo look for something to do. It's beastly hot, the hottest day yet, close to a hundred I'd say, and the air has decided to be as still as it can, we'd call it earthquake weather but out here we're a bit superstitious of that turn of phrase. It seems like nothing is moving though it's Saturday and the fair size crowd is giving it their best shot. Ella and Pablo are sitting on swings, their feet firmly planted in the sand, and they're miserable, suffering the assumption that because they are children they must play out in the sun.

Pablo is turned away, Ella is facing us. She leans way back in the swing, as if she might at any moment tumble off, and she's smiling at Pablo and laughing at what he says, she's flirting. I can't help but smile at this, then Ella catches me out and her face falls quickly grim, closed, and she pivots on the swing, her back to me now, the chains tangled, and I'm nearly undone.

Sam, Kate says, have you thought of getting help, asking for help, seeking help. Yes, of course, I tell Kate, and it will come, look, help is coming, but be patient with Ella, she does know what she's doing, but let's change the subject. I tell Kate all about me, how much I miss Halley, how hard it can be to simply walk down the hall some days, and I'm lucky I have Ella because she gives me someone to care for, the imperative of her, and how that, too, turns out to be painful because there's so much of Halley in her, but this is bearable. I don't really tell her anything at all about Halley. I keep going.

Finally, I can no longer watch the kids suffer, Kate, I say, let's get them out of here, get some ice cream, it's just down the street, we could all use some cooling down. At the ice cream shop, Pablo and Kate do astute imitations of their teachers, and never go over the top, like they might have last year, or six months ago. They're growing up, it's plain, and Kate and I take our quiet satisfactions in watching them. Ella pulls a pitiful frown, nearly canine, a perfect shot of Mr. Crappuchettes, yes, his real name, a school counselor she's rather fond of, and I burst out laughing, and everyone else is laughing, and I say, Kate, see, look, we're laughing.

Ella slugs me in the arm real quick, unseen, as we're cleaning up our plates and mugs, and we lock eyes for a minute. Yeah sure, I nod back, we can end this now, and I say, Pablo, shall we escort the ladies to your car, and we do, and Kate and I make promises to keep in touch, and they drive off into the hot, bright day.

Back at home, Ella heads straight to the couch, too hot to change into mom's sweats, and drops off immediately, so I go back to the office where it's too hot to do any real work, and stare out the window and find myself still a little furious with Kate. I know I'm being both defensive and self-righteous but I can't help myself, besides, it'll pass. Ella and I have at least five more hours of daylight, and while I love to gaze on the ragged back gardens of our block, after a while I'm roasting and think maybe I'll nap with Ella in the front room in the shadowed half of the flat. She's not asleep after all, she's sitting in the window bench watching the cars and trees outside and keeping a close eye on the sidewalk below her. I stop at

the far end of the dining room, I can see her from here, and watch her for a bit, she's quiet and without any expression other than concentration. I know what she's doing, I think, I think she's building a city inside of herself, a new city on the foundations of a lost city, and there are some doors in this city which she will not open, but she's putting them there and knows who lives in those houses, and the inhabitants are mostly memories of her mother. It's a big city, big enough for now, but hilly and curvy, and she's even putting in some dark alleys she knows well enough to stay away from, but she's also put in lots of sunny plazas and ornate houses with cobblestone courtyards, and there are many festivals in the evenings of this city she's building.

The light in the flat reminds me of a day when Ella was about two, a gray oasis of shade. I think Halley was gone, out of town on business, she did that a lot for a while, and Ella and I almost always had a great time, went lots of new places. This particular afternoon, though, I had let Ella get the best of me, and before you knew it, I was all het up and grouchy, and she wasn't going to stop standing on the couch, that was clear, and so I made it worse, and for the first time ever sent her to her room where she was to spend an hour alone, and even at the time I felt like a bully. To top it off, a gorgeous day. I called it quits after three-quarters of an hour, and knocked on her bedroom door, where she was playing with her animals in a most civilized fashion, which made me feel more guilty. Let's go someplace new, I said, and she jumped up as if nothing had happened, and I took her to Castle Toys, a store in a neighborhood we hadn't visited before. The day got saved, and the light then was just like the light today.

Want to go to Castle, was all I had to say, and Ella really did smile, still looking outside, then turned and said, sighing, not Castle again, just like her mother used to every time the two of us lit out together.

I find it hard to know if the store has changed much, Ella and I have come here so often since the first time, but it seems about the same, small and cramped, filled with bins and set-ups and boxes, and very dark and empty this Saturday, cool, nearly chill. It has always been our tradition to come here to play with the trains, wooden sets

from Finland that only Castle seems to sell. They've got a great, huge mountain and village set up in the back. Today Ella goes right to the trains and begins to string the cars, and makes me tell her the story of why we first came here, this is a tradition, too, and I have to tell her about the time her mother wasn't there and I got mad at Ella but we got over it and had a great day anyway.

We get a little carried away, keep crashing our trains together, running off the rails right into the middle of the little village, all clamor and havoc, knocking over fences and trees and signs, and running into shops and homes, and I know we should be more quiet, but there's no one else here, and besides, we really are enjoying ourselves.



the 1970s, the 1980s, and the 1990s. The 1970s were characterized by a strong emphasis on the environment and social justice, while the 1980s saw a shift towards economic growth and individualism.

The 1990s were marked by a focus on globalization and technological advancement, leading to significant changes in the way we live and work.

These changes have shaped the modern world, influencing everything from our daily lives to the global economy.

Understanding these trends is crucial for navigating the challenges and opportunities of the future.

As we move forward, it is essential to stay informed and adaptable to the ever-changing landscape.

The future is uncertain, but with the right mindset and tools, we can thrive in any environment.

Let us embrace the unknown and strive for excellence in all that we do.

Together, we can create a better world for ourselves and for generations to come.

The journey ahead may be challenging, but it is also full of potential and opportunity.

We must remain resilient and determined, facing our fears and overcoming our doubts.

Only through our collective efforts can we achieve the progress and prosperity we desire.

Let us work together, united in our vision and committed to our shared goals.

The future is not just a destination; it is a journey that we must all undertake.

With courage and determination, we can make a difference in the world.

Let us strive for a future that is bright, hopeful, and full of promise.

For the sake of ourselves and for the generations to come, we must act now.

The time is now, and the place is here. Let us make the most of it.

Let us create a legacy of greatness and leave the world a better place than we found it.

For the future is ours to shape, and it is up to us to make it a reality.

Let us rise to the occasion and embrace the challenges of the future with open arms.

Toward Grammar  
a  
of Guilt

Alexandra Chasin

11

sky | is | blue.  
The

111

I | pay | taxes  
year. | my  
every

1V

jetstream | arcs  
The | white | to right  
and | the  
New York | is  
ahead.  
dead

V

planes | plow  
Innocent | into buildings.  
Innocent

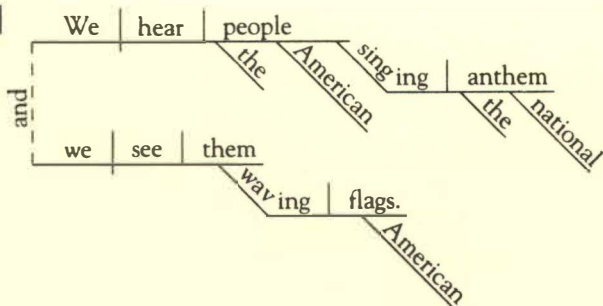
V1

We | watch | towers  
and | and | again.  
again.  
the | twin | of | collapsing  
Center | the | World | Trade

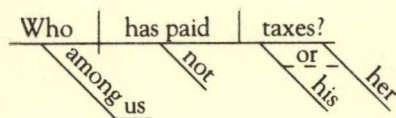
V11

I | call | brother  
to | my  
whether  
he | is | dead  
or | alive.  
see

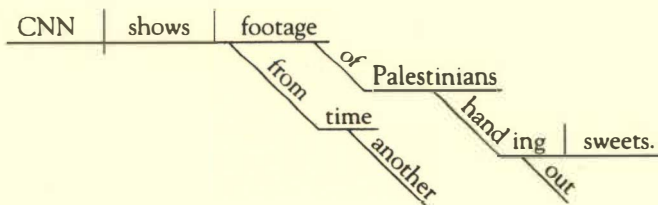
V111



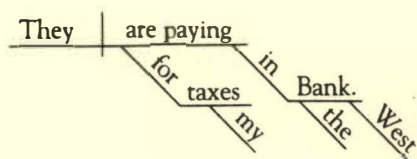
1X

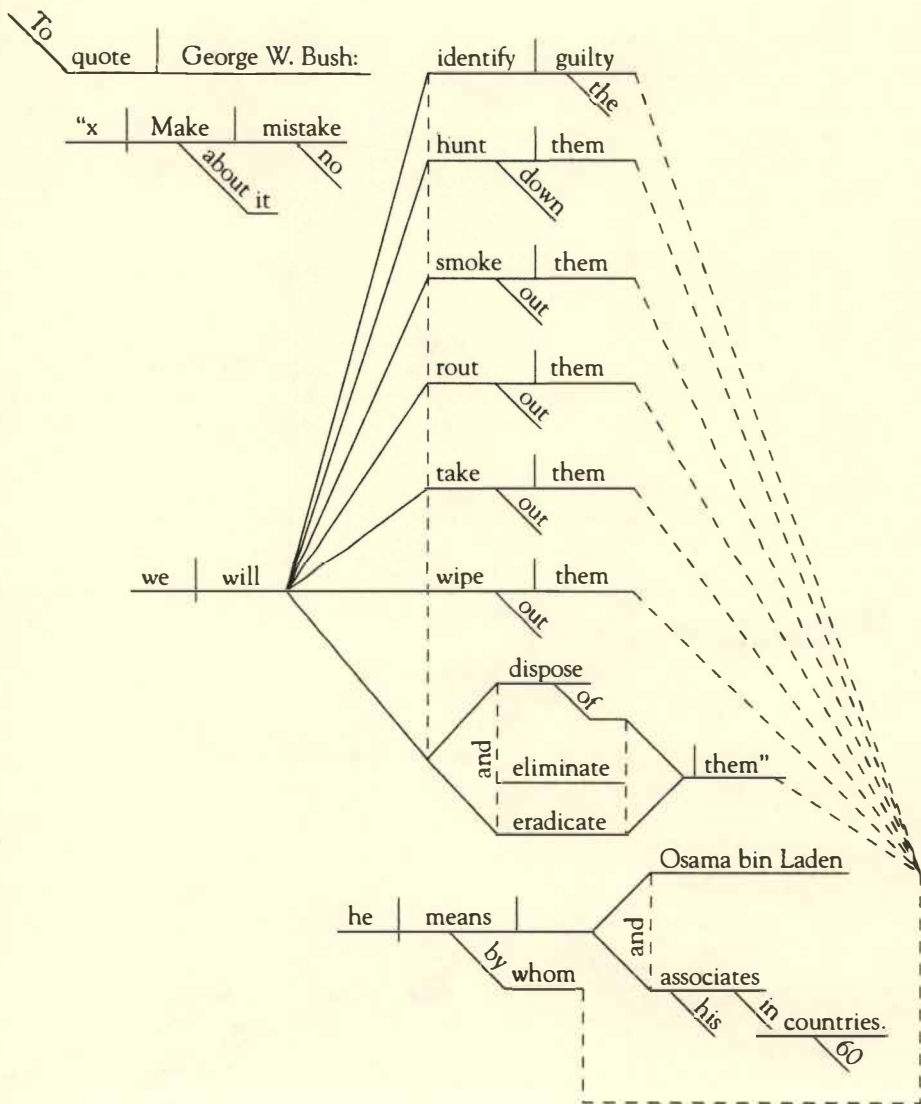


X



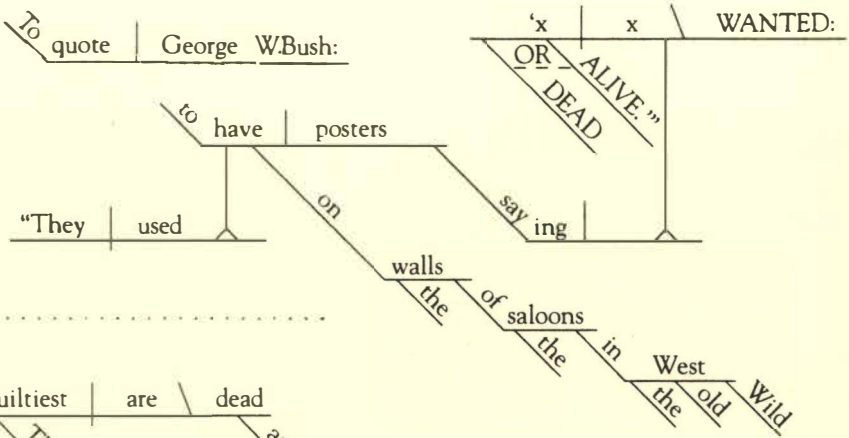
X1



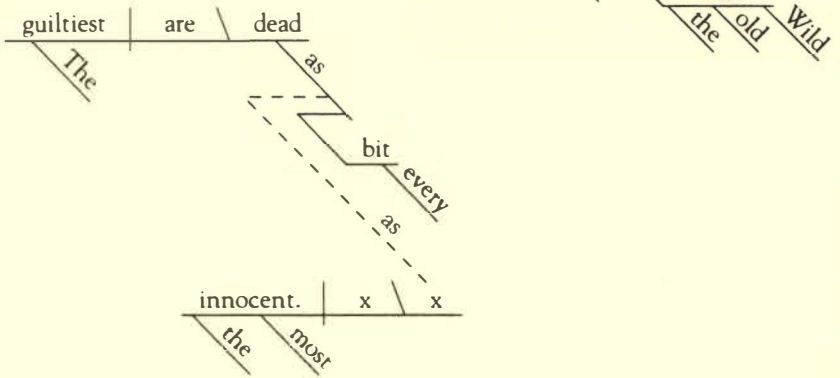




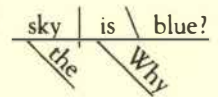
**X111**



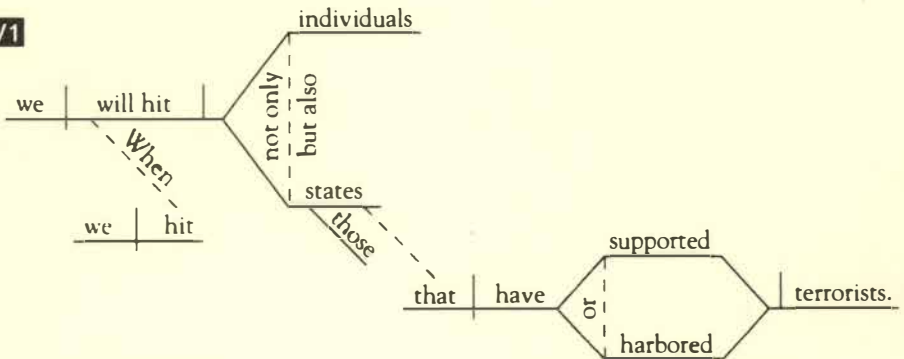
**X1V**



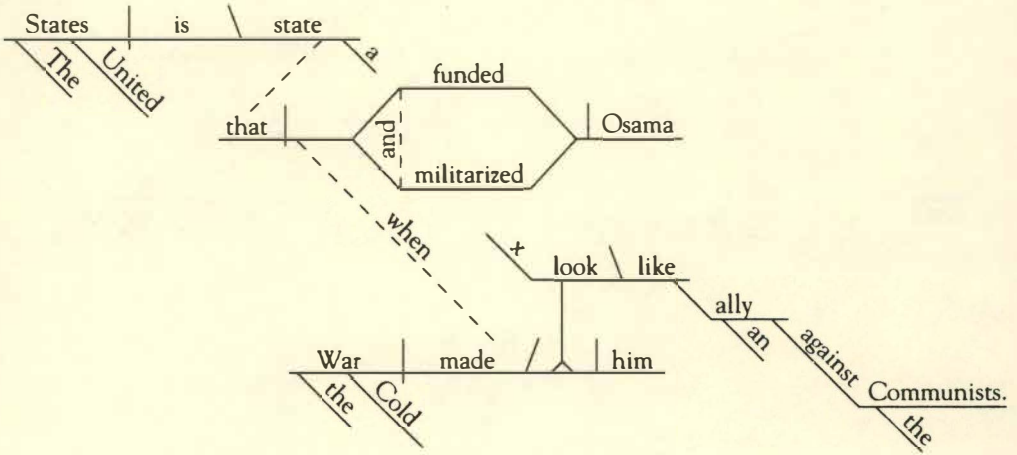
**XV**



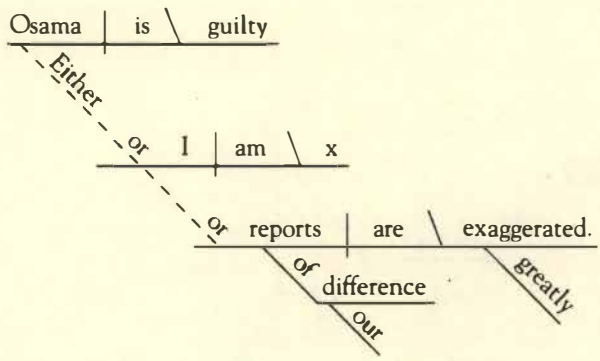
**XV1**



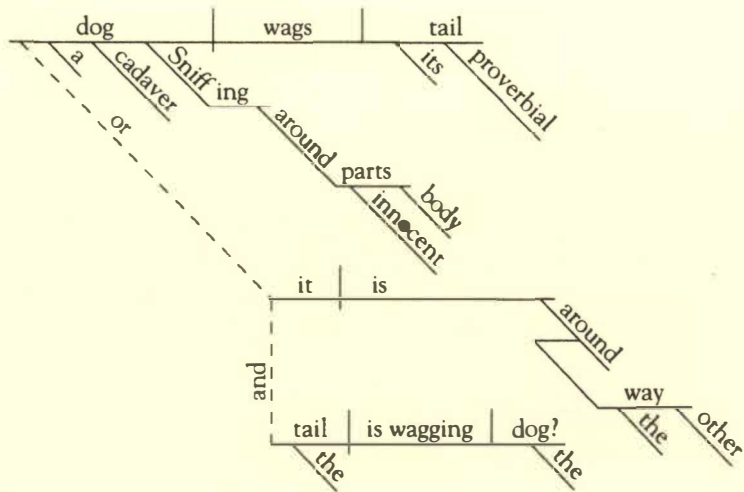
XV11



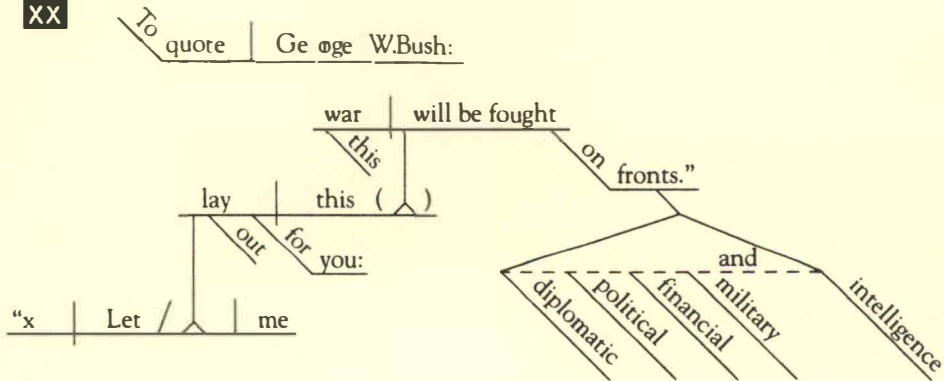
XV111



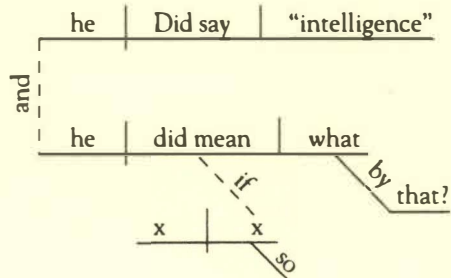
**X1X**



**XX**



**XX1**



11

CIA will have increased funding and personnel powers to wage war against network of terrorists Cloak ing themselves in secrecy" including license and to conduct surveillance of kind the wiretap

XX111

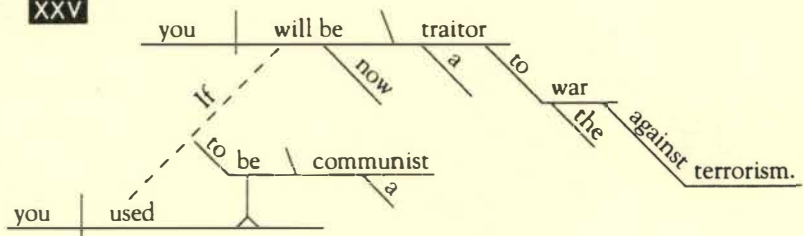
days | are | Gone  
the | of | process.  
due

that used to be used against Communists.

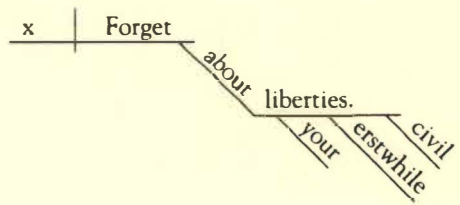
XX1V

CIA | will be changing | name.  
The | soon | your

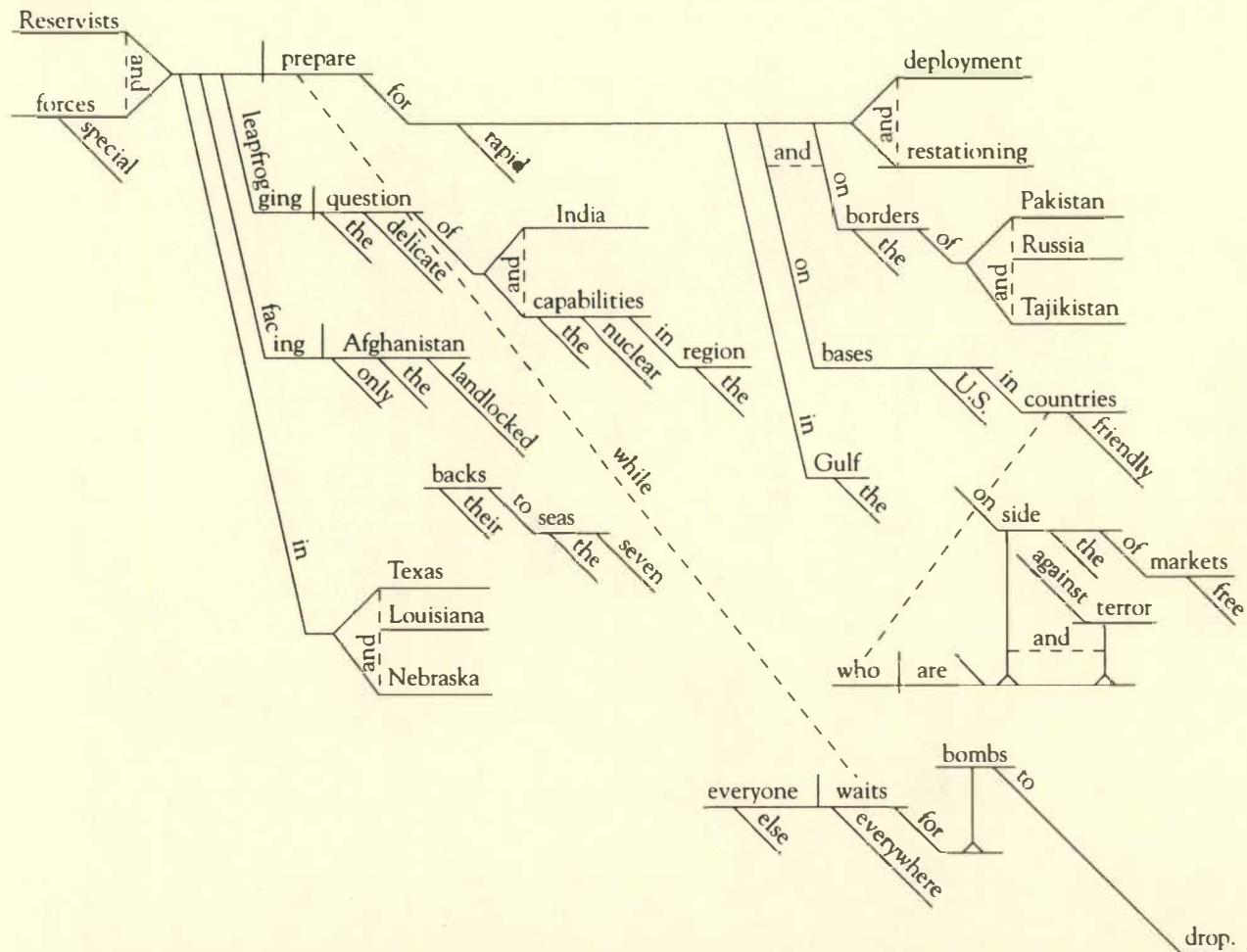
**XXV**



**XXV1**







XXV111

I | pay | taxes  
For now. my  
this

XX1X

poster | shows | child | daddy?" | is  
A | now | an | my | "Where  
on wall the of booth every phone in New York

XXX

Daddy | is | dead.  
His or  
who was banker  
an innocent

XXX1

Who | can show | line  
me the between in sand in sky in rubble in end?  
the the and blue shifting the the the  
ever innocence  
and guilt

XXX11

sky | Is | blue?  
the indeed still

XXX111

plume | says | no.  
a of Rising like mark  
smoke a question

## Toward a Grammar of Guilt

- II. The sky is blue.
- III. I pay my taxes every year.
- IV. The white jetstream arcs to the right and New York is dead ahead.
- V. Innocent planes plow into innocent buildings.
- VI. We watch the twin towers of the World Trade Center collapsing again and again and again.
- VII. I call my brother to see whether he is dead or alive.
- VIII. We hear the American people singing the national anthem and we see them waving American flags.
- IX. Who among us has not paid his or her taxes?
- X. CNN shows footage from another time of Palestinians handing out sweets.
- XI. They are paying for my taxes in the West Bank.
- XII. To quote George W. Bush: "Make no mistake about it, we will identify the guilty, hunt them down, smoke them out, rout them out, take them out, wipe them out, dispose of, eliminate, and eradicate them," by whom he means Osama bin Laden and his associates in 60 countries.
- XIII. To quote George W. Bush: "They used to have poster on the walls of saloons in the old Wild West saying 'WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE.'"
- XIV. The guiltiest are every bit as dead as the most innocent.
- XV. Why is the sky blue?
- XVI. When we hit, we will hit not only individuals, but also those states that have supported or harbored terrorists.
- XVII. The United States is a state that funded and militarized Osama when the Cold War made him look like an ally against the Communists.
- XVIII. Either Osama is guilty or I am or reports of our difference are greatly exaggerated.
- XIX. Sniffing around innocent body parts, a cadaver dog wags its proverbial tail, or is it the other way around and the tail is wagging the dog?
- XX. To quote George W. Bush: "Let me lay this out for you: this war will be fought on diplomatic, political, financial, military, and intelligence fronts."
- XXI. Did he say "intelligence," and if so, what did he mean by that?
- XXII. Cloaking themselves in "unprecedented secrecy," the CIA will have increased funding, personnel, and legal powers to wage war against the radical network of terrorists, including greater license to wiretap, and to conduct surveillance of the kind that used to be used against Communists.
- XXIII. Gone are the days of due process.
- XXIV. The CIA will soon be changing your name.
- XXV. If you used to be a communist, you will now be a traitor to the war against terrorism.
- XXVI. Forget about your erstwhile civil liberties.
- XXVII. Reservists and special forces in Texas, Louisiana, and Nebraska prepare for rapid deployment and restationing in the Gulf, on U.S. bases in friendly countries who are on the side of free markets and against terror, and on the borders of Pakistan, Russia, and Tajikistan, their backs to the seven seas, facing only the landlocked Afghanistan, leapfrogging the delicate question of India and the nuclear capabilities in the region, while everyone else everywhere waits for bombs to drop.
- XXVIII. For this, I pay my taxes now.
- XXIX. A poster on the wall of every phone booth in New York now shows an innocent child asking: "Where is my Daddy?"
- XXX. His or her Daddy, who was an innocent banker, is dead.
- XXXI. Who can show me the line between innocence and guilt in the blue and ever-shifting sand, in the sky, in the rubble, in the end?
- XXXII. Is the sky indeed still blue?
- XXXIII. Rising like a question mark, a plume of smoke says no.

## Sarah Anne Cox / from ARRIVAL

for Sylvie 10/11/2000

Recriminations within  
respond to several unreliable witnesses  
became travelers in a country  
owned by factions  
percentages of faiths  
it is not enough to be out of sight  
neither to believe in a god whose  
authority failed to be handed down  
and so dispersing  
our underwater myth through stone  
dotted with oil  
the origin uncertain of  
the five meter sail in the flat expanse  
our underwater depends on the original gills  
depends on the speed of bullets and stones  
through water

The lost photograph of  
the old man by the lemon tree  
the sun washing out  
becoming neutral  
in the absence of the pre-war house  
in the absence of a nation  
one will be chosen for you  
born into struggles for  
breath or lies blue  
until provoked

A covering of colored stripes  
the motives unknown  
or illegitimate made by  
hard spots under the skin  
telescopic

The fabulousness of hope  
surrounded in vellum wash  
dependence on the undecided  
holding a law as yet unsealed  
muscles in the bicep poised  
older hands in the short hair

The posture of authority with  
the echoes of an errant child  
benevolent border assignment  
gracious peace effort  
in this manner are given to strife  
in this manner "out of our hands"  
ownership of bodies  
catalytic storefront  
a gentleman sweeps the glass

In concert the troops move  
some mothers are bathing their children  
"I was with \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ when \_\_\_\_\_."  
the papers discarded  
unity wavers  
undertaking a benign moment of truce and its undoing  
glorious color and retrograde children  
sparking electrical human borne witness  
and the loss of this



Assail alight  
strategy soap commercial  
acceptable levels of buoyancy  
directions on the breadth and resilience of the group  
when the water shallows  
arrive to a war in the streets already underway  
the crashing sounds are already with us  
each instrument laid down on the metal table, piercing

Waver and yield  
blind spots in the harsh light  
this is all that is appealed to  
stand at once in each border  
stretch without flexing  
make a place for each one

on which enters

The dormant trait  
holds the wind back  
if religious leaders themselves feel persecuted  
then the pope will not go East  
the great city still under siege  
anathema

Some of whom were nowhere  
a condition of occupied  
the marriage of time and faith  
it is essential that all are identified  
occupied, occupier  
divine word, rabble  
his holy and his holy  
nation and nation  
religion  
affliction  
sway

6:30

we will not recognize each other

6:30

we have not recognized each other

the still will of melons

leaves wilting in the dirt

witness the exchange between

farmer and bearer

in the shade of an olive tree

reticence overwhelms the attacker

At intersection there is someone

a person dead under the black tarp

those who are afraid of gunfire will

not remove the body

should he forget the body

should the driver forget to stop at a check point

should you get out of the car

should she be killed

We were all implicated in the dream

I wanted to tell you that it was not a steady

blindness which would guide you

not a willingness for children

not a desire for scrub grasses and dirt

centipedes in your shoes

heat rising from the motorway

the head is covered for the lack

## John Dixon / BAD FREE SPEECH DAY: The Sunera Thobani fuss and unfuss

The Thobani Affair began with the videotape of a speech, climaxed in the threat of criminal prosecution of the orator, and ended as the country recalled itself to its democratic principles. Along the way, there were some spectacular misjudgments, one outbreak of minor villainy, and a few instances of reassuring common sense.

First the facts, which, even if they can be assumed to be now widely known, will as certainly be forgotten within a few months. Sunera Thobani is an Associate Professor of Women Studies at the University of B.C., and a former president of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women. She made her notorious speech on October 1st — a little more than two weeks after the terrorist attacks of September 11th — at a federally-financed conference of non-governmental agencies (NGO's) working in the areas of women offenders and victims of sexual assault.

It must be said — or, more accurately, I will insist upon saying — that the substance of Thobani's presentation was, in the context of its special and specific audience, utterly devoid of controversial content. In saying that the foreign policy of the United States is “soaked in blood,” or that the U.S. is “the most dangerous . . . force unleashing prolific levels of violence all over the world”, or that the American “racination” of the war against terror cemented the shared fate of First and Third World women, or even in implying that the moral position of the September 11th terrorists was superior to that of the U.S. government, Ms. Thobani was operating well within the borders of leftist feminist Canadian thought. If any confirmation of this judgment is needed, a review of the videotape of the speech, showing the many enthusiastic outbursts of applause from her audience, would dispel any possible doubt.

The Videotape — its existence and eventual broadcast — is perhaps the single most important “fact” in the Thobani Affair. From Thobani's perspective, as she explained in a subsequent press

release, network broadcasts of the tape “de-contextualized” her remarks in ways that invited misunderstanding. But it might as fairly be said that, by taking her speech out of a marginalized and parochial setting, and “re-contextualizing” it within a general audience, the tape played the kind of revelatory role that can generate genuine culture clash.

Where mass media is concerned, if there is no picture there is no story; and Thobani’s speech of October 1st was routinely taped by the Canadian Public Affairs Channel (CPAC). CPAC dutifully records almost all Ottawa happenings, from Question Period in the House of Commons (its real mainstay) to the proceedings of legislative committees, announcements in the National Press Gallery (which are almost hourly occurrences when Parliament is in session), to the sessions of the most obscure NGO conferences. Network media routinely review the offerings of CPAC, and depending upon the exigencies of the newsworld, they may repackage and broadcast some portion as a “story.” In the Thobani case, the speech story quickly and universally crystallized around a double-edged narrative of “exposure” and “reaction.”

In defense of the media slant, it must be admitted that although Ms. Thobani did not actually announce that she was become Shiva, destroyer of worlds, she certainly gave an arresting impression of that fierce Goddess — or perhaps even Kali — at the podium. (I am indebted for this insight to Stan Persky’s essay *War and Peaceniks*, which may be found on the indispensable [www.dooneyscave.com](http://www.dooneyscave.com) site.) On at least a rhetorical level, she seemed to share a biblical taste for “the healing power of holy hatred” with some of the radical mullahs interviewed by the Arab language Al Jazeera television network. The spectacle of flashing eyes, eschatological rhetoric, the relentless “working” of her cheering audience, and the proximity of all of this to the terrible events of September 11th, deeply shocked the national audience.

That shock produced fierce public reaction which was enthusiastically channeled by politicians, newspaper columnists, editorialists, and TV pundits. Part of this was fair, critical commentary: like most sermons to the converted, Thobani’s speech didn’t play very well among the infidels. The ironic tension between

the federally-financed exercise of her freedom of expression (and that of her audience) while she cheerfully dismissed and denounced the entire free speech tradition of the West, got the scathing attention it deserved. But there were several tub-thumping “love your country (and its allies) or leave it” commentaries, suggestions that Thobani be shipped off to share the repressive conditions of women in the countries she seemed to prefer to her own, many admonitions to U.B.C. to fire her, and a great deal of just plain ad feminam slagging. In the colorful prose of one correspondent to *The Vancouver Sun* (dutifully printed by that fine journal) Thobani was instructed “to hijack an airplane and fly it up one of her bodily orifices.” Ultimately there were instances, reported by Thobani, of hateful email and even a possible death threat.

The climactic reactive event came, however, not from some beer-swilling lout of the lumpen proletariat, but from the offices of the R.C.M.P. Hate Crime Unit. On October 10th, the *Sun* reported that Corporal Labossiere of the unit had revealed to their reporters that they had received, and were investigating, a complaint accusing Thobani of the criminal code offense of inciting hatred against an identifiable group. Police do not ordinarily reveal the existence of an investigation, and by way of explanation for this extraordinary departure from standard procedure, Labossiere identified the Thobani case as presenting a teachable moment: “Here we have a complaint against someone who is obviously from a visible minority, whom the complainant feels is promoting hate. Normally, people think it’s a white supremacist or Caucasians, promoting hate against visible minorities. . . . We want to get the message out that it’s wrong, all around” (*The Vancouver Sun*, October 10, A8).

After the morning appearance of the *Sun* story, I immediately (as president of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association) faxed R.C.M.P. Commissioner Zaccardelli in Ottawa, demanding an apology. I pointed out that there could be no conceivable merit in law to the complaint against Thobani, and that the Labossiere blunder produced two considerable evils. Firstly, it would certainly act to chill legitimate public debate on Canadian domestic and foreign policy — sensible people avoid being accused of stigmatizing criminal offenses, however baseless the accusations; and secondly, the “it’s



wrong all around” remark by Labossiere was clearly presumptive of the guilt of the accused. Both Ms. Thobani specifically, and Canadians in general, were misled and harmed by the Labossiere interview, and both, I insisted, were owed a remedial disclaimer and apology. B.C.C.L.A. lawyers telephoned Zaccardelli’s staff, and emphasized that the situation required action before the end of the newsday.

With no response from the police forthcoming by noon, the B.C.C.L.A. called a press conference for 3:00 pm. Informed of this by television reporters, the R.C.M.P. quickly issued a media alert for a press conference of their own at 2:00. At that time, Corporal Labossiere announced that “The information related to Ms. Thobani unfortunately came out in a casual, unguarded comment. . . . It was an unfortunate incident, and I apologize.” Presented with this development at 3:00, I pointed out to the assembled press that “a casual, unguarded comment” is hardly consistent with Labossiere’s stated desire of the previous day to “get out the message that it’s wrong, all around.” But at least there had been an apology of sorts — a large concession from the R.C.M.P. — and we decided to let the matter rest.

And that was that. The fuss around the announcement of the criminal investigation, and the reasonably quick R.C.M.P. retreat, had a marked, chastening effect on the chattering classes. The following morning, the *Sun* ran an editorial entitled “The right to speak out,” admonishing the police to drop the hate complaint “like a hot brick”; and on October 12th, columnist Pete McMartin, who had been very much in the vanguard of the initial media assault on Thobani, had a moderate piece entitled “It’s all about free speech — hers and ours.”

However much the media had enjoyed the initial ride, they were horrified to discover that they were not only playing around with the naifs and rustics of their audience, but had also aroused the censoring authority of a politicized police. This, they realized, was playing with dynamite. Recalled to their democratic senses, they made brief citizenly noises and fell silent. Thobani was not fired from her position at U.B.C., ill-treatment of “Arab-looking” persons was limited to a few, isolated acts, and all in all, Canada deserves two

cheers for its civic poise in the first, minor crisis of the post-September 11th environment.

Whether we will be equal to larger, forthcoming challenges remains to be seen. The recent passage of the politically popular, but terribly flawed terrorism laws is not a reassuring omen. But the real test of the democratic mettle of Canadians will come as these new laws are applied by policing and other government authorities. Then, to paraphrase Burke, all that will be necessary for the diminution of our freedoms will be for the readers of *The Capilano Review* to do nothing.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

2. The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

5. The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

6. The sixth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

7. The seventh part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

8. The eighth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

9. The ninth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

10. The tenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

11. The eleventh part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

12. The twelfth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

13. The thirteenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

14. The fourteenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

15. The fifteenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

16. The sixteenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

17. The seventeenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

18. The eighteenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

19. The nineteenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

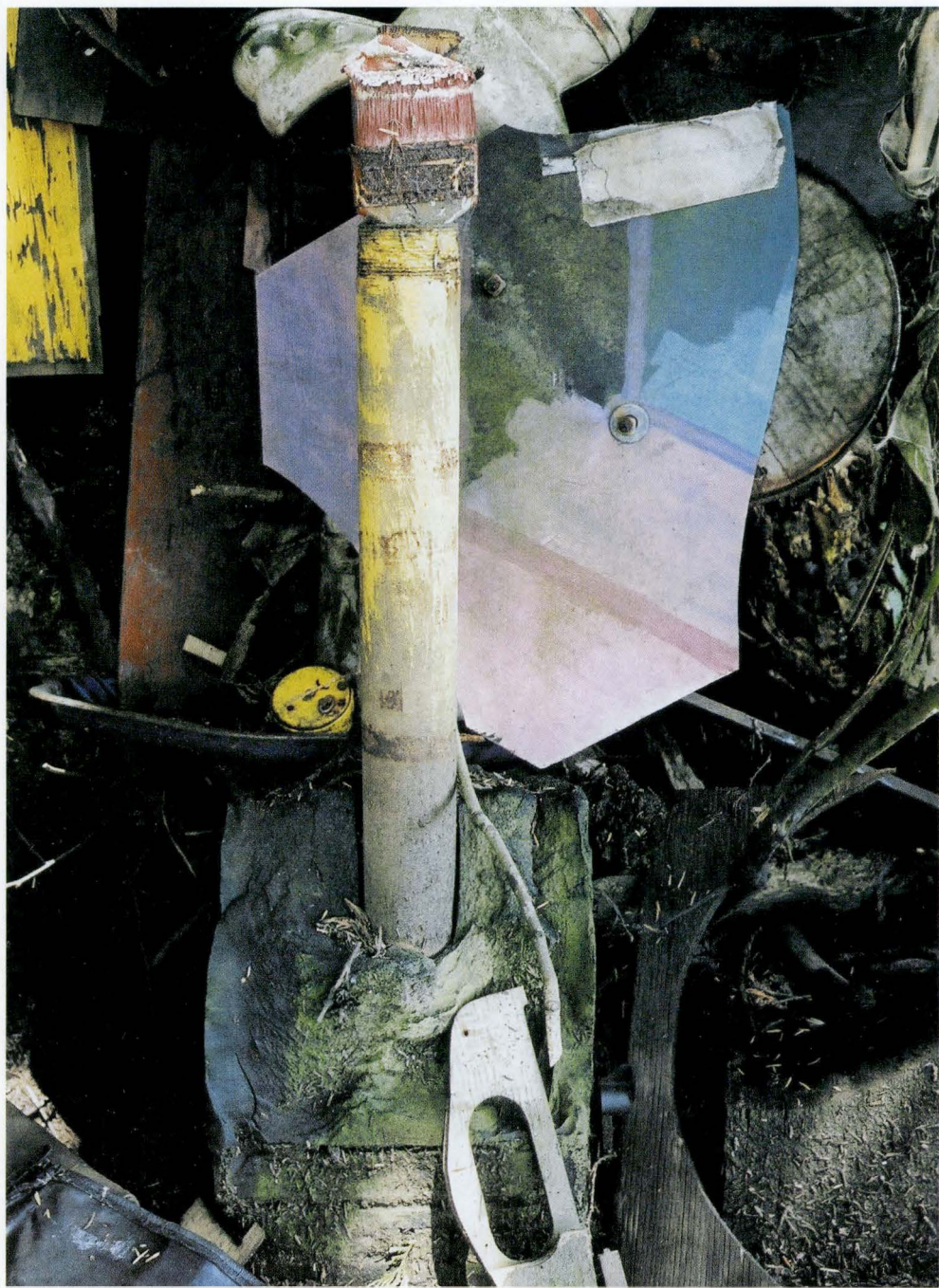
20. The twentieth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language.

Al Neil and Carole Itter / Details from  
*BEACH ASSEMBLAGE, 2001*

















## Al Neil and Carole Itter / Details from *BEACH ASSEMBLAGE*, 2001

1. # 17
2. # 23
3. # 24
4. # 18

### CREDITS

These photographs are details from *Beach Assemblage*, 2001 assembled by Al Neil, assisted by Carole Itter; photographs by Carole Itter. Photo #21 (cover) detail assemblage by Al Neil, assisted by Carole Itter, and chevron by Gregg Simpson.

Approximate total size: 950 cm x 860 cm.

### NOTES

This assemblage on the beach at Dollarton, BC was initially put together in the 1980's and early 1990's. It collapsed, as did the decking upon which it stood in the late 1990's. It was entirely rebuilt by Neil and Itter in the summer of 2001.

Brett Enemark / CIRCLES (*after a symposium on violence*)

A circle of speakers  
something inside the circle  
circled, *violence*  
a word, phenomenon, activity, aesthetic  
or memory  
conceptualized, explained, described  
in a way I can hardly recognize  
the world itself  
unrecognizable  
since Sept. 11.

                    The idea circles  
it is the beginning,  
of a World War

violence, a contagion

Like Freud, I am forced to revise my  
thinking to include the drive  
to death

But you can't actually drive to Bowen Island  
landscape cluttered with  
images from another life, or phase  
in my own movement  
ghostlike

Zombies  
(am I to run over them?)

this is not hell though it does  
suggest a circle:

A dozen years back  
sailing from the mainland  
heading a fleet of dumptrucks  
on a ferry

under a blue sky  
every morning  
but one

engine failure  
& from the north, news of  
the death of my father  
of a heart attack  
at the wheel of his car

it continued to roll down the street

& circles me (trauma as  
death in life

Violence  
as an academic question  
of universals  
mimetic rivalry  
scapegoat  
*polemos*  
gap  
words



the circles grow tighter  
Vertigo-like

I hadn't  
considered it this way or  
much at all beyond  
body counts  
or the failure  
of words  
& assertion of blind will  
oblivious to the other

or as a Marxist:  
a question of subjects objectified  
Hegel's master & slave . . .  
ultimate interdependence  
& a willingness to die  
for recognition

Nietzsche's *ressentiment*  
& the impotent anger of the weak  
the hatred flashing forth at the news  
of an other's misfortune

(or success)

violence  
turned backward

My father once in a rage  
pitched my mother across the room  
I tackled him around the knees  
he shook me off his leg  
and tossed me away  
like trash

a certain *lightness of being*  
experienced then & forever after

you never forget these things  
or you forget them but they don't  
forget you

Life in the provinces

growing up in a bush town  
violence sticks  
you wear it like a glove  
the body growing you can't wait  
to grow large enough  
to stand up to your father  
or kill the fucker

\* (but to begin with, practice on the weak)

the muscled male body instrumentalized  
by ideology and experience  
dreams of war  
desires that ancient angel  
to destroy

But the earth is solid kryptonite  
to feel its pull not as real estate, the pull of sex  
or the tug of a child's hand  
but the question of identity, the trust on which  
love is built  
or falls away  
broken  
into

endless circles

Adeena Karasick

IN THE EMPIRE OF GRIEF

((For Safia))

*"what is irony? sd the jesting pilot (Charles Bernstein)*

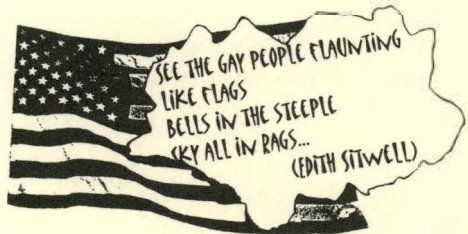
I

*Toss[ed] to the moaning  
gibberish of the  
dry limbs, you are searching  
for the black box, the  
black box. in ritualistic overplay; building  
yr buildings in an architectonics of  
attacks, parataxing, as  
textual bodies letter the sky.*

Pakistan Uzbekistan Afganistan, Jennifer Aniston

II

*Come, Mr. Taliban...telle me --  
When the margin bombs the  
center, trading at the peripheries,  
in the gendered "stakes of moral panic"*



MARKED BY A HYPERVISIBILITY THAT INSUBSTANTIATES  
INTO A HEGEMONICALLY NORMATIVE SPACE OF INVISIBILITY --  
WHICH TAKES RECOURSE IN YR WHISPERS  
OF NEGOTIATIONS AND DEPLOYMENTS  
IN THE SPECTER OF THE LAW. IN  
THE SHADOW OF  
THE UNSAID.

\*

i'm remembering when ANTHRAX was just a band.  
When you sd, "A SMALL pox on both yr houses" & it did not need a  
vaccine. Remembering when "My Beautiful Launderette" did not involve Saudi  
transfers. When my cell, was wireless, and needed recharging.  
When Laguardia tanks  
were cotton *couture*. When *it was a bird, a plane....*  
And i am remembering when [America] *Strikes Back* was just a *Star Wars*  
Sequel. when an Afghan was an area rug.  
When night emissions referred to auto-invasions  
(an immaculate vacuate), and did not include  
aircraft and military artillery.  
And, i'm remembering when *Survivor* guilt\*, an impossible gift.  
When it aired on prime-time. When it  
was Jewish.  
When *Sheik it up baby, yr booty*  
did not question the foundations of my thinking praxis and  
did not stem from a singular, incomparable hatred.  
When the [C]aliban unseated dominant forces in another Tempest.  
When infantry involved real babies and naval bases were erogenous zones.  
When Pilot Lancers were found in shishi day spas and focussed on  
facial hair, obscene blemishes  
*i'm a little airplane now, nnnnnnnnow.....*  
And, i'm remembering when cave-dwellers

---

\* As Derrida points out in *Adieu to Emmanuel Levinas*, "Survivor Guilt" "is a guilt without fault and without debt; it is, in truth an entrusted responsibility, entrusted as legacy"

inhabited a sybilline womb of transcendent immanence  
 and their s'ecrit strategies involved re-thinking  
 patriarchal restrictive systems, oppressive regimes --  
 when Pa[k]man was a video game; when  
 'slam was a *holy holy holy* Spoken Word / L = A = N = G = U = A = G = E war.  
 When Manna from heaven did not arrive  
 as an individually wrapped American Meal-plan,  
 (complete w/ salty ritz and antiseptic wipes)  
*got doxycycline in my pocket & i don't know what to do with it*  
*dox in my pocket / dox in my pocket*  
 And, i'm remembering when  
 women who wore white gloves  
 did not also wear anti-spore irradiation suits --  
 when *ghostbusters* payed allegiance to  
 spectral resonance, contiguous echoes  
 tempered by the vaguaries of language; masqued  
 in the rhetoric of nation thick with abject  
*Radios\* keep fallin' on my head...*  
 And, i'm rememberin'  
 when "Red Alert"  
 referred to a Macy's Sale, when camouflage bedwear  
 was strong, sexy and designed to arouse the invasion of  
*allied* forces. Remember  
 when 'laden flew a flying carpet

*It's a Whole New War...*

#### IV

So. pop my aporia  
 in the passage of iterable limits  
 in the interruption of history  
 for. *la guerre, monsieur* **has left the building**

---

\* or "radiological dispersal device" Also known as a "dirty bomb".



swung in the round squat turret broods  
in the cleaving of the day, in the  
lust-drenched scars / jazzed

*way up in the sky  
where little birds fly*

in luxuriant screams  
scattered in backwash,  
in lumbering comets of  
prompt swamp / pampas,  
passing conduits of acrid suck  
seated in twisted immanence,  
and can no longer go then, you & i  
(*spread out against the sky*)  
smoked-out  
in the strappy syntax of  
hijacked meaning

who can make o sam' rise

## George Murray / THREE POEMS

### THE CHAIN

The first horseman to wander into this valley  
was once again mistaken for a monster —

his thoughts were broken, his body split, not how  
a tree might be in a storm, but how a couple

might, unexpectedly, after twenty years. It's good  
to see the apples have completed their cycle —

green to red to black, sour to sweet to bitter —  
proof the world goes on somewhere, in pieces,

uninterrupted. A man on an empty street corner  
is the first to be seen in days and all he has

to say is that the garden of earthly delights  
is covered in dirt. Imagine! Volcanoes

go off as though they were stew  
left too long on the stove —

the seismic spike recorded on paper  
is wholly different from that recorded in earth.

Are you confident enough to say definitively  
these earthquakes are not of biblical proportions?

Scattered about the countryside are signposts  
that point to towns that no longer exist.

The water refuses to run in expected directions,  
machines will not vend their hoards of candy

and soda, squirrels and mice are giving lip  
to old ladies on benches, starlings

are committing acts of fraud in the very trees  
above! There is not a lick of shade left

in Britain, not a grain of sand in Egypt.  
The kilns of this world have no walls,

yet still they cook, the ovens have no elements  
and the hearths no chimneys,

yet everything smokes. Has anyone figured out  
that graffiti subscribes, on the macro level,

to some sort of fractal pattern? It must,  
or how could it become so much a part

of the visual background noise?  
Five Christ figures stand in a police lineup

and those behind the bulletproof glass  
are hard pressed to pick even one —

someone mentions acidly that the only memorable  
conversation at the Last Supper

was about the amount of salt in the soup.  
That day the hydrants decided to withhold

their water and ignored our requests  
to douse the nearby fires was the same day

the only city on the planet that didn't burn  
was Atlantis. Half-naked is half more clothed

than we need for what is to be done —  
dress yourself in the costume of a Greek athlete

instead of the torn garb of a Sabine woman.  
When we walk through the victory arch,

so prematurely built, we will die  
and be born at the same time —

as with any door, the person going through  
is not the one coming out. Any good Centaur

knows there's a chance he'll be mistaken  
for a horseman cresting the ridge —

so when the road forks beneath you, wisdom  
dictates you take the third route, that leading home.

Take a look around when you reach the horizon.  
A chain dangles from the sun. Tug on it.

## THE STORM

The river holds many secrets, not the least  
of which is the horizon, on one side  
a jagged cityscape, on the other only a hill

and trees. Huddled on one bank a man waits out  
the storm to gather information about his fate —  
where will the lightning that drops upon his life

fall? Where will its marks been seen in the earth  
of his skin? He has questioned before —  
is he the shore or the wave that breaks upon it?

Is he the earth or the river? Is he the blue, or the bolt  
from it? Hunting in the deep of a wood,  
it will be the last cobble stone of a long dead society

on which he steps and cripples himself.  
This portentous thunder sets off  
the alarms of the future, sets the prophets

to mumbling, sets the illustrated deck of cards  
near the window sill to whirling,  
sets the world's pregnant women to labour —

their fruit being spilled in a forced autumn  
with no uniformity of ripeness.  
Why does the fading storm, moving into

the distance, not trigger the same apprehension  
as the one approaching? What some  
might call hope, others call folly. Wild accusations

require villains to be taken seriously —  
so if you are going to create one, consider  
creating both. A tame flock of white doves

has been groomed and trained to return  
to their cages so they may be released  
time and again at special events —

we have constructed ourselves as creatures  
of forgetfulness to accommodate structures  
such as these. Mercy is on ration,

goodwill in short supply —  
if we hoard, we may survive, or perhaps  
our preserves will spoil in their stone jars.

Stand facing a wall that rises to just above eye level,  
look at the strip of sky that kisses its lip —  
ask yourself whether this line of blue represents

the horizon. Do the arms of your fellow man  
hold an embrace or a strangling yoke?  
Who set the fathers of the world to weeping?

Who can make them cease? What thunder  
truly breaks that does not bring  
with its flash any man's momentary fright?



Ask yourself, is there a person alive for whom  
the rending of the air holds no significance?  
In this regard are we not all prophets?

Much as we have recently realized  
that the river continues to, at the very least,  
somewhere around the bend —

is not the knowledge of our own frailty  
also a version mass prophecy,  
a telling of the future momentarily upon us?

## THE ANCHOR

Here he comes. This is a man whose approach  
could kick up a dust cloud in a land of fens, a man  
who flings himself into the lives of others

as though a shell shot from beyond  
the horizon, a man of few words, but these. Perhaps  
we should just cut the world's flagpoles

in half and be done with it. The penitent have taken  
to licking the floors and bedsheets  
in leper colonies, to bathing last in the cold water

left after a long line of plague victims  
have been washed for burial. The words *apathy*  
and *sympathy* are reclaiming their relationship

to *pathology*. The planet is a pill in a pestle  
and night is just the shadow of the approaching  
chemist. A ship drops its anchor of salt

off a shore comprised of sugar, the ocean water  
eroding both quick enough that before the men  
can disembark they find themselves lost at sea. Cream

refuses to mix with coffee, apples stay green  
and sour, leaves cling to the trees and die  
without turning, fiddleheads fail to unfurl into ferns

and the loam of the forest floor is bathed  
in sunlight! Pavement never cracks  
and thousands of students go unemployed, the pens

of the world simultaneously run dry and ink pots  
tip, the sun stops directly overhead  
rendering sundials useless and stealing

from humanity the ability to check hairstyles  
without the use of a mirror! Coincidentally, the foam  
of ale that clings to the inside rim

of a young woman's pint glass relates,  
in the original Arabic, the adventures  
of one Scheherazade's fifth cousin. In a distant galaxy,

a pulsar lets out one long burst that shows no sign  
of subsiding, thereby decimating  
the planet's astrology community. The elderly

are disposed of in landfills, tamped down  
into mineshafts with heavy machinery, legs  
and arms sticking out everywhere. Maybe

the war crimes tribunals of the future  
will charge the invaders with littering. The juries  
should be comprised of children to ensure

swift and remorseless death  
for the convicted. Buried beneath the forest floor,  
a protesting monk rings a bell over and over

as he meditates towards his death,  
a surprising two weeks later. The gods, he says,  
are drinking a tea boiled over the embers

of our homes and bones. The people  
bearing witness in the jungle above  
likely don't notice the final chime of his bell,

their ears carrying on the task of listening  
long after the monk has fallen over,  
cross-legged, onto his side. Here he comes,

and when he finally arrives, he will preach  
of the dangers of loving in an end-time,  
when events decide the length and quality

of bliss and retaliation becomes the institution  
which governs all relationships. In return  
for this wisdom let us prepare a great gallows

from which he can be hung, and wait patiently  
for a rent to form in the earth, into which  
he shall be thrown, our own anchor of flesh.



## Quakes

Everyone remembers where they were when they heard the news. I was in my father's tiny, sweltering apartment in Montreal, having breakfast, when the radio bulletin came on at about 8:45.

I still don't know who to ask forgiveness from, but when I heard about the World Trade Centre, all I felt was excitement that something had managed to strike that icon of imperialism. Not a thought entered my mind about people, the office workers, the cleaning staff, the visitors, the people who were in the building.

I headed for the TV and watched as 18 minutes later the second plane slammed into the second tower confirming the first crash had been intentional. Then the Pentagon was in flames and there was news of a fourth hijacking.

Whatever this was, it was not going to end.

With the serenity reserved for calamity, I began to search the television footage for my sons, both of whom live and work in New York City — both of whom easily could have been there. Noah works for a company that rented several floors at the WTC, but his office is in another part of the city. Many times I was sure I spotted my kids among the frenzied people running for their lives away from the crumbling monoliths.

I tried and tried, couldn't get through. The calls that ricocheted back and forth between family members were a balancing act: concern for Noah and Daniel's safety, confidence that they were okay — and clarity. When I said to my daughter, Joey, in Toronto, "it's like war", she said, "it *is* war."

For about three hours my life stopped and when my sons were at last able to contact me, my knees buckled with relief and gratefulness. My children were safe. Nothing else mattered.



Before long I was overcome with revulsion as I listened to the various kneejerk reactions. The mouthy Madeleine Albright proclaimed "America has the best system in the world, we are the best country," her words exemplifying the insufferable arrogance and sense of superiority that provoked the attack. Sycophantic Billy Graham declared of the victims, "they're in heaven now and don't want to come back." And they say Osama bin Laden is a fanatic?

After that, not a moment of escape. My father, usually blasé about television, was mesmerized by the coverage, and when I suggested he turn it off, he said "No, no, this is really good." This was not a political but a spectator's statement. His fascination with the visuals of the event, played over and over and over, epitomized Susan Sontag's concept of "disconnect": that we view actual violence with the dispassion and distance with which we watch Hollywood disaster films.

My father's neighbourhood in Montreal is an international village of working class people. The next day the street was rollercoasting with stories. In just an hour I met a woman weeping on the sidewalk because she'd lost seven relatives at the WTC; giggled almost hysterically with a shopkeeper about her nephew whose employers, the New York Rangers, rented a limousine to get him home; choked back sobs as the appliance repairman told me, with tears pouring down his face, about his brother and sister who had recently died in their 30's of leukaemia after living as civilians during the war in Beirut. They'd been killed by chemicals. Collateral damage.

Daniel said "Yesterday was the most beautiful day of the year, the sky was the bluest, the air clear and crisp. Today it's raining. Natural literature." Noah told me, in a small, awestruck voice, "I almost took a job at the WTC. Where I would have been, on that floor, everyone, they're all gone."

Suddenly it all hit home. It became a feat to focus on even the most basic daily activities. Each night I'd wake up shivering, hoping I'd had a bad dream. But I never did emerge from the horror, how we were blasted into living like the rest of the world, never to be able to take peace and security for granted.

In tandem with the earthshaking news of September 11, my family's small tragedies were being played out — personal quakes with their own aftershocks. My father's biopsy confirmed he had lung cancer from having been exposed to asbestos when he converted the SS Letitia into a hospital ship during World War II. Abe is an otherwise hale 87 year old, and had he not lived this long the cancer wouldn't have surfaced.

Before he got sick, my father had spent his time with his friend, Dahlia, 85, who had been diagnosed a couple of years before with Alzheimer's. But because he needed to rest at home, Dahlia was alone more and couldn't remember to wait for the companion her family had hired to help her. She began to leave her apartment daily to shop for meat to cook, though her stove had been disconnected because she'd been forgetting to turn it off, and to buy ever more ham for her overstuffed cat, Queenie.

Alarmed strangers would phone to say they'd found Dahlia wandering around frightened and lost, sometimes miles from where she lived, asking us to come for her. My father's was the only number she could recall.

After several such incidents, Dahlia's distraught children tricked her into a residence, sans Queenie, on September 12. They told her that the images she saw on television of the WTC burning were really her building that was on fire. Monsieur P, the operator of the boarding house, a converted Victorian mansion, insisted that she be isolated for the initial week to quell her rage, after which she was allowed to receive visitors.

Dahlia's new home was an obscenity of drabness. The chirping of the recorded birds and the abrasively bright Christmas lights twinkling in the living room only emphasized the gloomy atmosphere. The walls were the colour of rotten mushrooms and the windows were lined with vertical metal bars. Dahlia, who'd kept a lovely and light-filled apartment, was usually lucid enough to know she was in hell. She begged to be released from the prison to which she'd been condemned.

My sister, Sandy, who lives, as I do, in Vancouver, stayed in Montreal for two soaringly hot months before she had to get back to her job. Cooped up, we sometimes roared over family foibles. But

mostly we fought, in hisses and hushes, about everything from the smallest daily irritations to the most profound issues of our sibling relationship. We pitched primal battles in whispers. At any other time these fights would have resulted in weeks of us not talking as we licked our wounds. But since we had to get on with caring for Abe, we learned to forgive each other very quickly. It was good exercise.

Abe had the only bedroom, so Sandy and I took turns sleeping on the sofa in the living room and in the kitchen on an air mattress. The air mattress is a marvellous invention once you become familiar with its vicissitudes. If you lie motionless and distribute your weight evenly, it's fine. But if you reach up to pull a bagel off the counter, or roll over to turn off the light after reading *Me Talk Pretty One Day* by David Sedaris, or *Fraud* by David Rakoff, both perfect air mattress books, some unexpected part of the bed will slowly but surely rise up and, with a loud farting sound, punch you.

When my father was told he had cancer, I said "Dad, you've been living with it for a long time and you can still live with it." At this stage there is no treatment. I hid my anguish.

Three different doctors subsequently told me (and I'd phone to tell Sandy) my father was lucky if he had a year left. But Abe himself never asked about the prognosis. Instead he went into denial and began to look and feel much better.

However, my presence was undermining his self-confidence. He was starting to rely on me for things he could easily do himself, like address an envelope, or make an appointment.

## The Smell of Deconstruction

Thanksgiving, my favourite holiday, was coming and I wanted to spend it with my sons, in New York. I'd always been enthralled by the city, by its energy, but it had become simply a war zone which I wanted my children to leave. I also needed to test whether my father would be able to cope on his own.

On the Amtrak down (I kept thinking "I'm taking Anthrax"), I sat next to a young man who would be deemed by many to be Public

Enemy Number One, who'd come to live in Montreal via Germany. "Oh boy," I thought, "this guy will never make it across the border." He was pleased I knew his native language was Urdu and that I too was from Montreal. But within minutes he began to criticize one of its neighbourhoods, because of its many immigrants, who, he claimed were bringing down the economy. I reminded him that he too was a newcomer and revealed that I'd been raised in the very neighbourhood he found so offensive.

Though I twittered at the irony and figured his maligning was a matter of him trying to find someone lower on the pecking order, I was also ticked off and said nothing as he squirmed with embarrassment, "I can't explain myself." When I let him off the hook by changing the subject, he was so grateful he invited me to his cousin's wedding in New Jersey.

Aside from a charged interlude when a customs officer strutted through with a nightmare-sized bomb-sniffing dog, the group was very chatty. Partly out of nervousness about our destination.

A middle-aged civil servant from Ottawa tried to strike up a conversation with an attractive young *Péquist*e from Shawinigan by saying "I never learned to speak the language but I sure know how to French kiss." He seemed incapable of making anything but obnoxious remarks and was eventually shunned by everyone except for a four year old to whom he introduced himself by saying "call me anything, but don't call me late for dinner." But even she got fed up with him.

I couldn't help overhear the elderly American couple behind me, who had their speaker phone on as they engaged in a boisterous discussion with a caller about their mutual friend, also an American but of Mexican heritage, who'd just converted to Judaism and was now in a quandry about how to describe himself.

When the train pulled into Penn Station, I was thrilled to see my sons, who seemed as well as ever, though I could sense their fatigue. But soon I was rigid with alarm because we were in a packed, enclosed public space in New York City — an ideal target. Then I realized that the Lower East Side, where the kids live, is within range of the Empire State Building, thought to be a symbol likely to be hit next. The area, by the river and near several bridges, was swarming



with police because it was considered extremely vulnerable.

Their apartment was also close enough to the WTC that Noah and Daniel had seen the attack. It took us about 40 minutes to walk to Ground Zero the next day. Enroute we passed several shrines: small memorials in windows and on street corners, fresh flowers left beside tattering pictures of those who'd died in the disaster. Throughout the city the air was putrid but the closer we got to the site the more poisonous it got. Acrid, bitter, corrosive — think of a combination of sulphur, burning rubber, singed hair.

The stores in the vicinity whose doors had been open when the blasts occurred were now coated in soot and ash, strewn with furniture and broken glass. I felt I was in an eerie old ghost town from another century.

Several blocks had been cordoned off to separate the visitors from the soldiers and volunteers probing, examining, sifting through the rubble. Many of the surrounding smaller buildings had been totally razed. The ground had been reduced to muck.

Mephitic smoke rose from the epicentre — the layers beneath the Twin Towers were still burning. Oddly, the smoke was the freest thing there. To be at this wrecking ball of history made me disoriented, dizzy, as if I'd fallen off a steep cliff and landed in an alien landscape, on another planet.

Looming over us were monumental ruins, twists of cement and steel, melts of iron, bursts of concrete guts. Massive, mangled heaps. All on the verge of toppling over. A giant had slammed his fist down on another giant's sandcastle. *Debris* — from “de briser” — to break to pieces.

The worst was to look into the abyss and to see nothing but to imagine the dread of some, the determination of others on the doomed planes, the ghastly phone calls from those who knew they were about to die, the bodies buried in the buildings, the victims holding hands with each other or hurling themselves alone off the fiery towers. Plunging to their deaths. The rescuers who'd gone into those death-traps and never come out.

Throughout my life I've had the privilege of peace and had never seen, unless in the media, the ravages of war, what people have had to live with, or die because of. Though there were hundreds of

visitors that day at Ground Zero, the quiet was astounding — we were witnesses to something too enormous to absorb. There were no howls at this heart- and head-smashing scene.

Many bystanders were wiping tears or else taking pictures — dabbing, snapping; snapping, dabbing. Framing, capturing the mythological postcard. Some were just standing slack-jawed, gaping at gaping holes, at what was and what wasn't. What had become expanse of sky and cloud. Incongruous. It is hard to lament the sky. How to lament the sky?

Grey matter spat down, spun around, flickered into us, particles, motes of who knows what infiltrated our eyes, our nostrils, our lungs, god knows what we were breathing in — the fragile stuff of flesh.

The aroma of apprehension, spoor of the startled, the threatened. Panic was the most pervasive odour at Ground Zero. The frantic were attempting to control an out of control reality, bewildered that others could hate them so much they could kill them so randomly, deeply anxious about how to continue, wretched with disbelief that this degree of atrocity, previously inconceivable, could happen again. Nothing jibed.

Everywhere reeked of rabid helplessness, as helpless as tears, eau de helplessness, of disgust, of powerlessness, of disgust at powerlessness. I too stank of insecurity — emitted a cloying noxious odour, the cult/ure of panic, whose very own perfume clung to me as I clung to it. The smell of deconstruction.

## The Tropes Come Marching By

Sunday morning was relaxed until Bush's face stretched across the TV screen, announcing he was bombing Afghanistan, already decimated by decades of war and the tyranny of the Taliban. The undeniable truth of September 11 had been driven to its most false conclusion — war. Once again the battlefield was remote.

His message was “be alert, be vigilant” (watch your neighbour), “this will be a long war” (we will slaughter all opposition), “expect a “100 percent chance of retaliation” (be prepared to die).



More jolts to the trauma ward that was New York.

Newspapers at kiosks were at a premium, bookstores were mobbed with customers buying histories of the Middle East, the Koran, anything to help them comprehend. The learning curve was visibly compressed.

American flags shot up by the minute. The largest one I'd ever seen was in the East Village draped outside the headquarters of the Hell's Angels. Low-flying helicopters circled overhead in a relentless patrol.

There was no sleep for me that night in my sons' glassed-in apartment on the 17th floor, as I cowered in bed waiting for the explosion, the flash to finish us off. In the morning, my sons went out to work and I went out of my mind. All the news was propaganda transmitted by lunatics about other lunatics until I found a public radio station, WNYC, whose voices were resolved to analyze rather than to revise history.

The interviews were with people from some of the many places where American foreign policy had propped up terrible regimes or else had turned deaf to terrible cries. Lethal interference and deadly indifference had led to boundless suffering, countless dying.

That it was still possible to hear points of view other than the bellicose refrains of the mainstream media, gave me a centre, the courage to go out on the street. The police, the National Guard, were visible everywhere — they, along with any uniformed security, even doormen, were being acknowledged with nods and bobs, gestures of gratitude by passersby.

In New York you have to look like you know where you're going and you have to look everywhere. But I'd always found New Yorkers friendly, warm. Today they were kinder than ever — even on Orchard Street where a vendor pretended to be insulted because I wouldn't buy a cellophane-wrapped shirt marked "seconds" unless he let me inspect it. He ripped the shirt out of my hands, but chastized meekly, "Lady you don't trust me, I don't trust you."

At any other time he'd have yelled at me. But these days no one was yelling. Despite their tremendous exhaustion and edginess, or maybe because of it, everyone was cordial, patient, respectful, accommodating to one another. Tender.

I ventured over to the Marion Goodman Gallery on 57th street to see a show by German artist Gerhard Richter. If listening to the radio station saved my sanity, looking at this work saved my soul. The paintings were neither black nor white, they were hues of grey, with no polarities, no dichotomies. Fields of colour free of dogma and moralism, they allowed me space in which to contemplate and reflect, rather than to react. To become embodied.

Wandering through Chelsea galleries I kept hearing remarks about how depressed people were. When others found out I was Canadian they'd comment on the great support Canada was giving the U.S. and that we have the best navy in the world — what??

By late afternoon the atmosphere was slingshot taut, as the city braced itself for the counterattack. To be above ground was hair-raising but to descend underground required another act of faith. New York was rife with reports of anthrax and nowhere was the risk greater than on the subway where it could be invisibly inhaled. The paranoia was palable.

Now passengers were cringing from me because I happened to be the only one carrying a parcel, (an explosive, a batch of anthrax?). What was in my bag that was scaring everyone so much was a book, *The Joy of Cooking*, which I'd just picked up for my father. After 87 years, he'd finally run out of women to feed him and wanted me to teach him how to cook.

When I returned to the apartment, I made a huge roast chicken dinner, so that Noah and Daniel would have tons of leftovers for meals to come.

During this fraught time, we'd kept casually vigilant about the whirl around us. We were seeking and giving each other reassurance that the crisis would soon pass. But before I left, I asked the kids to consider moving away from New York, though I anticipated correctly that they would see leaving as surrender and choose to stay in this great city.

I can't describe what it was like to say goodbye to my sons. They did not see me cry.

## Separation

On the Amtrak returning to Montreal, I went through three security checks with the wrong date on my ticket (Amtrak's error) and when I mentioned this to another passenger, she said "Nothing bothers me anymore, my husband was on the 86th floor of the WTC. He still can't sleep but he's in therapy. All I care about is that he's alive."

When we were rerouted because of a bomb scare at the border, everyone (including the armed marshall, I suppose) got involved in guessing which one of us was the agent who we'd been informed would be on the train. The only person who was detained at customs for questioning, because she had a set of tiny woodcarving knives, turned out to be Vancouver artist, Lynda Nakashima, whose work I'd long admired, but whom I'd never met.

Lynda told me she and her New York hosts had barely slept since Bush had declared war. They were petrified that the city was about to be attacked again, horrified that the government had chosen to respond to a conflict about economics and entitlement with military action rather than diplomacy. We both saw Canada as a bit of a haven.

Montreal was reeling from its own anthrax scares and feeling its proximity to New York. At a sidewalk cafe, when a wooden box fell off a passing truck, we all leapt to our feet. But I could tell things were superficially back to normal a few weeks later when CJAD, my father's favorite radio station, was again airing the airless debate about its most popular topic, Separation. The familiar harangues — *oui ou non* — now a comforting litany.

Abe's repertoire of dishes was expanding. Though I'd taught him a bit, he'd also learned by osmosis from being around so many good cooks all his life. He was still driving, doing Tai Chi for seniors at a community centre, and taking Dahlia out of her dismal residence whenever possible.

On the stifling flight back to Vancouver I beam peaceful vibes out the window just in case the plane that might be escorting us thinks we're hostile and decides to shoot us down. My seatmate and I compare tales of dealing with the pandemonium, the huge line-ups

and disorganization at the airport because of heightened security checks. We laugh over the ludicrous plastic knives we're given with which to eat the rubbery food we're served.

He tells me that in Switzerland, where his son lives, this is *Vacances des Patates*, a holiday which originated when kids had to stay out of school to help their parents harvest potatoes. That's exactly what I intend to do when I arrive: dig up the potatoes I'd planted. My luck, my luxury to have a garden. I missed it viscerally, it had grown roots in my body.

Though I know we're all vulnerable, the West Coast feels more removed from the fray and I wish my whole family were with me in my kitchen. I try to follow my friend's mother, Ashrafbi's advice, to leave my kids free to meet their own fate. I try to not drown in a sea of shock and sorrow.

September 11th has been entrenched as 911 — a state of perpetual emergency making us prisoners of state protection. Protest against both American foreign policy and our collusion with their campaign is now tantamount to treason. On this bad patch of the loop, politicians, in an orgy of amnesia, are forgetting that destructive governments can be stemmed.

If fear has needled into our nerves, tattooed itself onto our psyches, it has also given us a gift, a chance to determine what really matters to us. In this trying time, it is time to try everything. When the dust settles, who knows what will emerge from the mammoth shakedown?

As I dig into the earth on my hunt for potatoes, I notice a lot of comings and goings next door, jubilant visitors dropping by with food and flowers. Finally the star appears with her adoring new parents. She is eight days old, the best sight I've seen in months, the most sustaining image.

## Bryan Sentes / from SEVENTH COLUMN

(from *I. Barbar*)

glected: the unending, necessary  
.....are based on real people;  
“them.” Part of that distaste,  
by an earlier decision to place the  
survivor of the expedition, out of  
clearly in the enemies of the believed to be hunkered down in his

war against subversion  
Babu celebrates the life of  
said grows out of bad experiences  
distribution of all U.S. materiel in  
tens of thousands of troopers and  
remains subliminal throughout Afghan lair

In that light, it would be interesting  
Sarat Chandra Das, the most  
with various Kim-like escapades in  
the hands of the intelligence  
camp followers, staggered out of the  
narrative, appearing only as “Will Afghanistan hand him over?”

to consider how Colonel  
Mous of the pundit agents. Often  
the early days of the Cold War. One  
branch of the Pakistani army,  
Jadalak Pass to safety. After routing  
anonymous assassins are the United States and its allies

Creighton, Kim’s enigmatic spy  
disguised as holy men and *mhendee*



such operation involving training  
which used the opportunity to bol<sup>1</sup>  
the British army in Kabul, Afghans  
strain climax in which Kim simply being lured to the same

master, might have reacted last  
cants, trudging over the high passes  
and arming the Khampa people of  
the hard-line Islamic factions  
armed with long range *jezal*  
the Babu foil two comically and simply being lured into the same

week to the extraordinary broad  
with sophisticated survey equip  
eastern Tibet to fight the Chinese. It  
within Afghanistan at the expense  
had annihilated the remnant  
adroit European intruders — one trap that has claimed the British, the

cast by Robert Mueller, director of  
ment<sup>2</sup> hidden within their prayers  
was, according to an official history  
of moderate elements. As far as  
during its long retreat through the  
Russian, one French — in the High Russians and so many other mighty

---

<sup>1</sup> **Bol, Bolace**, obs. ff. **BOLE, BULL, BULLACE**

<sup>2</sup> **Ment**: see **MEAN** *v.* <sup>1</sup>, **MENG** *v.*, and **MINT**



\* \* \*

for the raj, foiling Russian plots  
when friends, people that want  
who had a greater insight into the  
— as much spectacular  
British Raj became less casually  
wise,

with the aid of grizzled Afghan  
money or other things.”  
importance of winning over the  
ders<sup>18</sup> both sides committed as any  
brutal, seeking as much for a moral  
But in my brother's voice I hear

horse dealer Mahbul Ali and the  
Unlike the great powers of  
hearts and minds of a people of other  
successes they had. The most spec  
purpose as for new territory. It was  
My own unanswered agonies.

unforgettable Hurree Chunder  
earlier era, the United States ob  
cultures, would have made that  
tacular — and most pertinent today  
left to the Soviets, a century after  
His God is as his Fates assign —

---

<sup>18</sup> Der, obs. form of DARE.

Mookerjee, alias R17, “the Babu.”  
serves a very strict division between  
mistake.”

— of those blunders were the first  
the British extracted themselves  
His prayer is all the world’s —

Virtually all the main characters  
the sanctified “us” and demonized  
That mistake was compounded  
the second Afghan wars.  
from their second incursion, once  
and my ne-

Montreal, Saturday 22 September – 6 October 2001

## Alan Sondheim /from NEGATIVE DIASPORA

### United States Postal Service

i

What should make me suspect a piece of mail?

It's unexpected from someone you don't know. IT CAME FROM JENNIFER.

It's addressed to someone no longer at your address. IT CAME TO ME.

It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't confirm as legitimate.

IT CAME FROM JENNIFER'S ADDRESS.

It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.

IT WAS A THIN ENVELOPE.

It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape. IT WAS LICKED SHUT.

It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or "Confidential."

IT HAD NOTHING WRITTEN ON IT.

It has excessive postage.

THE POSTAGE WAS CORRECT.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated. I PICKED IT UP AND PRESSED IT TO MY FACE.

Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.  
I RUBBED IT ON MY LIPS AND BREATHED ITS FRAGRANCE.

Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water. I SUCKED MY FINGERTIPS.

Notify local law enforcement authorities. I KEPT IT TO MYSELF.

ii

What should make me suspect a piece of mail?

It's unexpected or from someone you don't know. IT CAME FROM AN UNKNOWN TWIN WITH THE SAME NAME AS MYSELF.

It's addressed to someone no longer at your address. IT WAS ADDRESSED TO AN UNKNOWN TWIN WITH THE SAME NAME AS MYSELF.

It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't confirm is legitimate.  
IT WAS HANDWRITTEN IN BLOCK LETTERS WITH NO RETURN ADDRESS.

It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.  
IT BULGED AT THE BOTTOM AND SEEMED UNNECESSARILY WADDED.

It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape. I COULD HARDLY READ THE ADDRESS WITH ALL THE TAPE AND STRING.

It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or "Confidential"  
IT SAID "JUST FOR YOU" ON THE ENVELOPE.

It has excessive postage.  
IT WEIGHED HALF A POUND AND HAD TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF STAMPS.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated. I PICKED IT UP AND PRESSED IT SOFTLY TO MY FACE.

Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.  
I RUBBED IT ON MY LIPS AND BREATHED ITS PECULIAR FRAGRANCE.

Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water. I SUCKED MY FINGERTIPS THOROUGHLY AND WIPED MY EYES.

Notify local law enforcement authorities. I KEPT IT TO MYSELF, MY WIFE, AND DAUGHTER.

## Chris Taylor / SEPTEMBER SCENES

### #1

The stories compete for space on New York brick, men pressed into column inches and key mannerisms. In the end, it all came down to needing more room for their narrative. Instead they were always stacked together, hid in a hundred others. I have no heroism except to pull out individuals from that other wreckage, and face the repeated scenes they bring to me, alone.

### #2

We are finally able to talk, just as their last dreams seep into the earth. They collected their wishes lovingly, until we were ready to hear them. Some are shouted at the strangest times. Others are locked under the machines. But it's clear they intend to wait, until every final vow is pried from the debris.



#3

Immediately it was a year of cancelled themes. Things could only be seen in negative, like space that should have been occupied. Or a date that should have been free of associations. Old calendars have become antiques, inscribed with memories of an adolescent Manhattan, before a city had lost itself in blood.

#5

Overnight we are a procession of absence. Years on, we still wouldn't know how to manage our losses; the math was too much. I had meant to deal with this, by letting you take me for every bit of romance. But apparently you wouldn't have even that. Somehow you sensed that my love had become a reduction of events. And you were always too elegant for such conditions.

#6

In other times I might have recognized her. But I was distracted by a city of urgent voices. Having made their way through the rubble, they continued to crowd the streets for months. Absorbed with each of these late reflections, I didn't have the heart for another confession: She didn't want me. But I refused to consider it, until I'd given a last intimacy to every soul that had only me to address.

#8

Afterwards, we built our communities of allergic souls. Still among each other, but remote, with the instincts of those who have lived too much. Of course the forgetting was deliberate, a design to let us function. Looking back, it was easy to be separated from the human. And when others ask of events, it's legitimate that we have no answer.

#9

The dead have new considerations. The rest of us return to active comforts, more fully than before. The routine is our insulation. Each face, in multiples on walls, could occupy us indefinitely. I need more familiar horrors for now, like simple heartbreak. And so to you, and your dismantling of a fresh faith. More so than a population beneath concrete and dust, it's something I recognize.

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

IVAN ARGUELLES is the author of numerous books of poetry, most recently the two volume poem *Madonna Septet* (Potes & Poets, 2000). A recently retired classics librarian, he resides in Berkeley, California.

BILL BISSETT: [Published in this issue are] pomes 2 apeer in *peter among th tousing boxes / text bites* (talonbooks) n thanks 2 tom graff 4 th 2 words "arriving" nd "aesthetiks" in moon droppings wch he supplied 2 th pome wch also apeers with othr pomes heer in *th oranges uv orantagua* from hous press in a ltd ed suitabul 4 framing both spring 02.

DANIEL BOUCHARD lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he is a tenant organizer for the Cambridge Eviction Free Zone and a production coordinator for the MIT Press. His first book, *Diminutive Revolutions*, was published by Subpress in 2000 and is available from Small Press Distribution <[www.spdbooks.org](http://www.spdbooks.org)>.

MICHAEL BRODER grew up in Coney Island, under the shadow of the Cyclone roller coaster and the Wonder Wheel. He now lives in New York City with his partner, the poet Jason Schneiderman. His work has appeared in the *Brooklyn Review* and *La Petite Zine*.

LEWIS BUZBEE is the author of *Fliegelman's Desire*, a novel. His stories, poems and essays have appeared in *Harper's*, *GQ*, *Paris Review*, *Best American Poetry* and elsewhere. He lives in San Francisco with his wife and daughter.

ALEXANDRA CHASIN teaches 20<sup>th</sup> century and contemporary U.S. literature and culture at the University of Geneva. Previous publications include *Selling Out: The Gay and Lesbian Movement Goes to Market* (St. Martin's, 2000). Chasin gratefully acknowledges the

expert technical assistance of Lauren Miller of New York City and the expert grammatical assistance of Gene Moutoux of Goshen, Kentucky in the construction of "Toward a Grammar of Guilt."

SARAH ANNE COX is the author of two chapbooks: *Home of Grammar* (Double Lucy, 1997) and *definite articles* (a+bend, 1999). She lives in San Francisco where she writes, windsurfs, and works on a music project called *heavenacid* (see [heavenacid.com](http://heavenacid.com)). Her first full-length poetry book, *Arrival*, is forthcoming from Krupskaya Press.

JOHN DIXON is a Capilano College Philosophy instructor and president of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association.

BRETT ENEMARK has divided his life between Prince George, where he grew up, and Vancouver, where he was educated. He started publishing his poetry and stories in 1970. In 1989 he enrolled in his first film course. Currently he teaches film history at Simon Fraser University. His Ph.D. dissertation, "The Other Inside: Masculinities in Modern Canadian Cinema 1958-1985," is near its final stages.

Witness to the WTC disaster, ADEENA KARASICK is a poet, cultural theorist, mommy, performance and videopoem artist; and the award-winning author of five books of poetry and poetic theory: *The Arugula Fugues* (Zasterle Press, Spain), *Dyssemia Sleaze* (Talonbooks, Spring 2000), *Genrecide* (Talonbooks, 1996), *Mémewars* (Talonbooks, 1994), and *The Empress Has No Closure* (Talonbooks, 1992). Karasick is Professor of American Literature and Critical Theory at St. John's University in New York. Credit for the first line of section II goes to bill bissett.

CAROLE ITTER is a Vancouver-based artist who has worked with found objects to produce large scale assemblages using wood and a variety of fibers. Most of her works relate to environmental concerns on this northwest coast. A departure from this was *The Pink Room: A Visual Requiem*, an installation which commemorated her daughter's short life. She is currently working on a seven minute film which takes place at the intertidal line on Burrard Inlet, and also on a large installation using light projection and slide projections.

GEORGE MURRAY'S latest book of poems is *The Cottage Builder's Letter* (McClelland & Stewart, 2001). His poems and fiction are appearing or forthcoming in the *Iowa Review*, *The Mid-American Review*, *Nerve*, *Pequod*, *Slope* and others. He lives and works in New York City. The poems herein are part of a book-length sequence begun in March 2001, tentatively titled *The Hunter*.

AL NEIL is a well-known Vancouver keyboard artist, writer, multimedia performer, and collagist. His oeuvre consists of two novels, a number of essays in catalogues and periodicals, two records, cassette tapes, and a forthcoming CD plus many gallery exhibitions of his assemblages and collages. He and his longtime partner, Carole Itter, have collaborated on numerous projects. Mr. Neil is now in his 78<sup>th</sup> year.

RENEE RODIN lives in Vancouver. *Bread and Salt* was published by Talon Books in 1996. More recent work has appeared in *West Coast Line*, *TADS*, and at the Venice Biennale. Both image and text for *Terra-ism* are by Renee Rodin.

BRYAN SENTES is the author of *Grand Gnostic Central* (DC, 1998); he lives in Montreal. *Seventh Column* is a 360-line reading of the essay "Wounded and Left on Afghanistan's Plains" by John Barber (*The Globe and Mail*, Saturday 22 September 2001, F4) "against the grain" across its six columns.

ALAN SONDHEIM will be leaving Florida International University to return to Brooklyn. He co-moderates four email lists, including *Cybermind* and *Wryting*, and publishes widely, online and off. His main URL is [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt). He may be reached at [sondheim@panix.com](mailto:sondheim@panix.com).

CHRIS TAYLOR, 29, is a Vancouver-raised writer and former editor of *BC Business Magazine*. He now lives in New York City and works as a staff writer for *SmartMoney*, *The Wall Street Journal's* personal-finance magazine.





(U) 1006

IT'S NOT THE SAME IF IT'S NOT CANADIAN  
GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE  
READ A CANADIAN MAGAZINE  
FOR HUNDREDS OF TITLES VISIT [GENUINE-ARTICLE.CA](http://GENUINE-ARTICLE.CA)

046

204

## THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the generous support of the following Friends and Benefactors:

Anonymous  
Sherri Bird  
Jim Bizzochi  
Colorific Photo & Digital Imaging Ltd.  
M.H. Coupey  
Lily Ditchburn  
Daryl Duke  
Ken Eisner  
Nancy Farley  
Jeff Farquharson  
Brian Fisher  
Graham Forst  
Fournier Communication Art  
Kathy Fretwell  
Donna Gitt  
William Goede  
Elizabeth Hay  
Thomas Hemming  
Taimi Hindmarch  
Dorothy Jantzen  
Harry Kiyooka  
I. Kiyooka  
Kiyo Kiyooka  
Laser's Edge  
Daphne Marlatt  
John Marshall  
Jane Maruyama  
Mike Millard  
K.D. Miller  
Joseph Mior (Whitewater Communications)  
Paul Plater  
Paul Sanborn  
Leslie Savage  
Peter Thompson  
Sheila Watson  
Jan Westendorp  
Barbara Wolter  
Ronald Zajac



# THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS & BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

*For just a small donation you can have*

- a tax receipt
- an exciting back issue or two\*  
(1 for a friend, 2 for a benefactor)
- years of great reading
- invitations to *TCR* launches & events
- your name in lights (in *TCR*)
- the satisfaction of knowing  
you are contributing to  
Canadian culture.

*The Capilano Review publishes 95% Canadian work. The money you donate goes to artists and writers and the costs of producing their work. Please help support TCR. If you can afford more than \$75, our gratitude will be eternal.*

---

Yes! I want to help publish *The Capilano Review*.

Friend ——— \$75 - \$199 (Free two year subscription)

Benefactor ——— \$200 - \$500 (Free five year subscription)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

CODE \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Federal Tax Number: 0545327-20-27

\* We will send you a list to choose from.

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

*Award-winning   Fiction   Poetry   Visual Art*

## Subscription Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Prov. \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Yes, I want to subscribe to *The Capilano Review*.

Enclosed is a cheque for:

- ☐ Three years \$59
- ☐ Two years \$45
- ☐ One year \$25

GST is included. **Institutions**, please add \$5 per year to the above rates.

**Subscriptions outside of Canada**, please add \$5 per year for postage.

Please send to:

***The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, BC V7J 3H5**

## *Dear Reader:*

Hunting for some of the early writings of your favourite author? Looking for poems by an obscure poet who made a splash and then vanished from the literary scene? Compiling a bibliography of an artist or writer?

Wrack your brains no more. A visit to *The Capilano Review's* Web site will give you a complete listing of all TCR contributions by any writer or artist we have published, along with biographical notes. Our bibliography spans more than a quarter century.

Our Web site also features visual and textual excerpts from our current issues, as well as our writers' guidelines.

You will find us at:  
[www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html)

Please write to us at:

*The Capilano Review*  
2055 Purcell Way  
North Vancouver, BC  
V7J 3H5

Tel: (604) 984-1712

[www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html)